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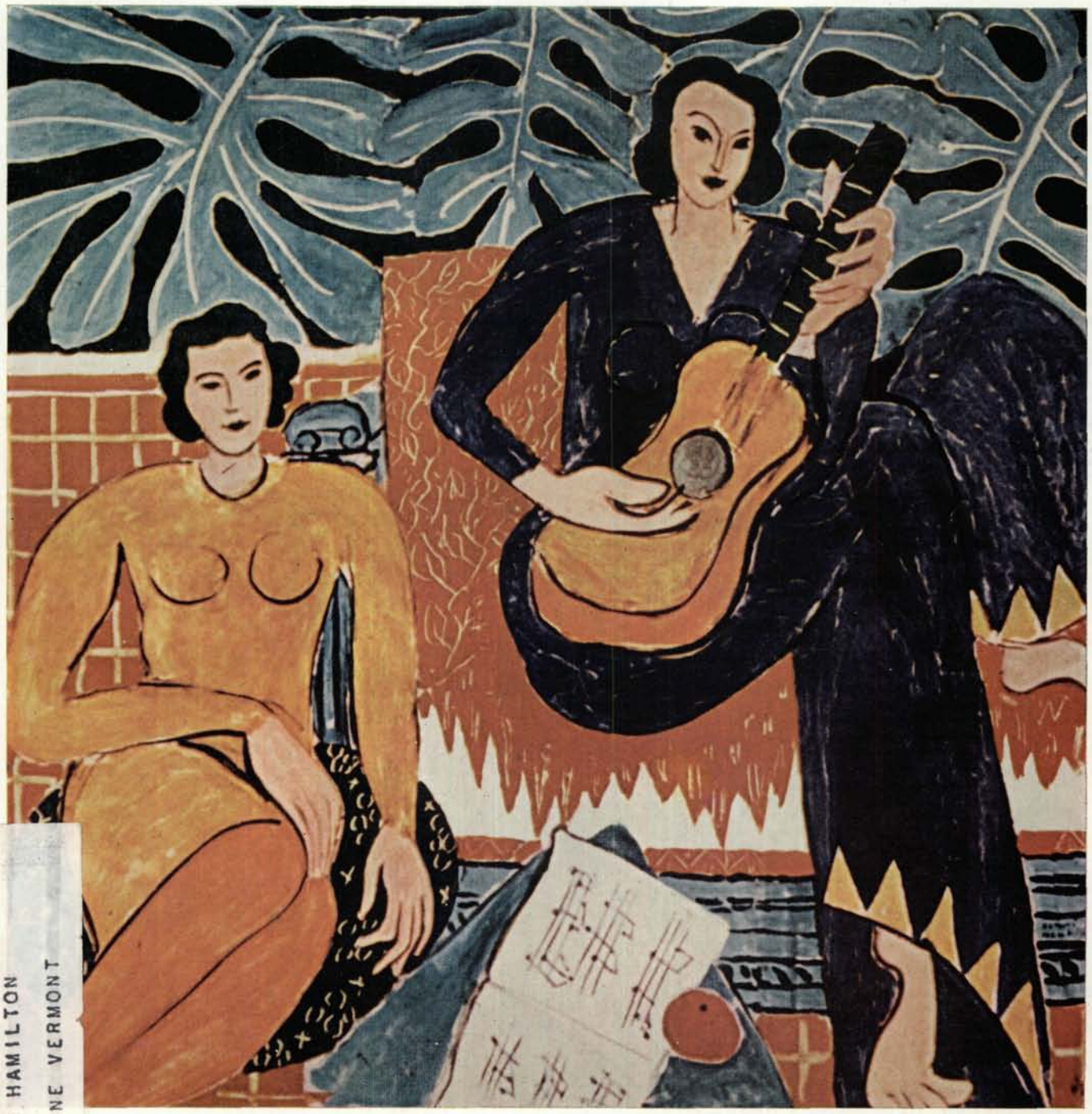
November 6, 1965 25¢



"La Musique," by Henri Matisse (See page 11)

WHAT DID THE NORSEMEN DISCOVER? By John Lear

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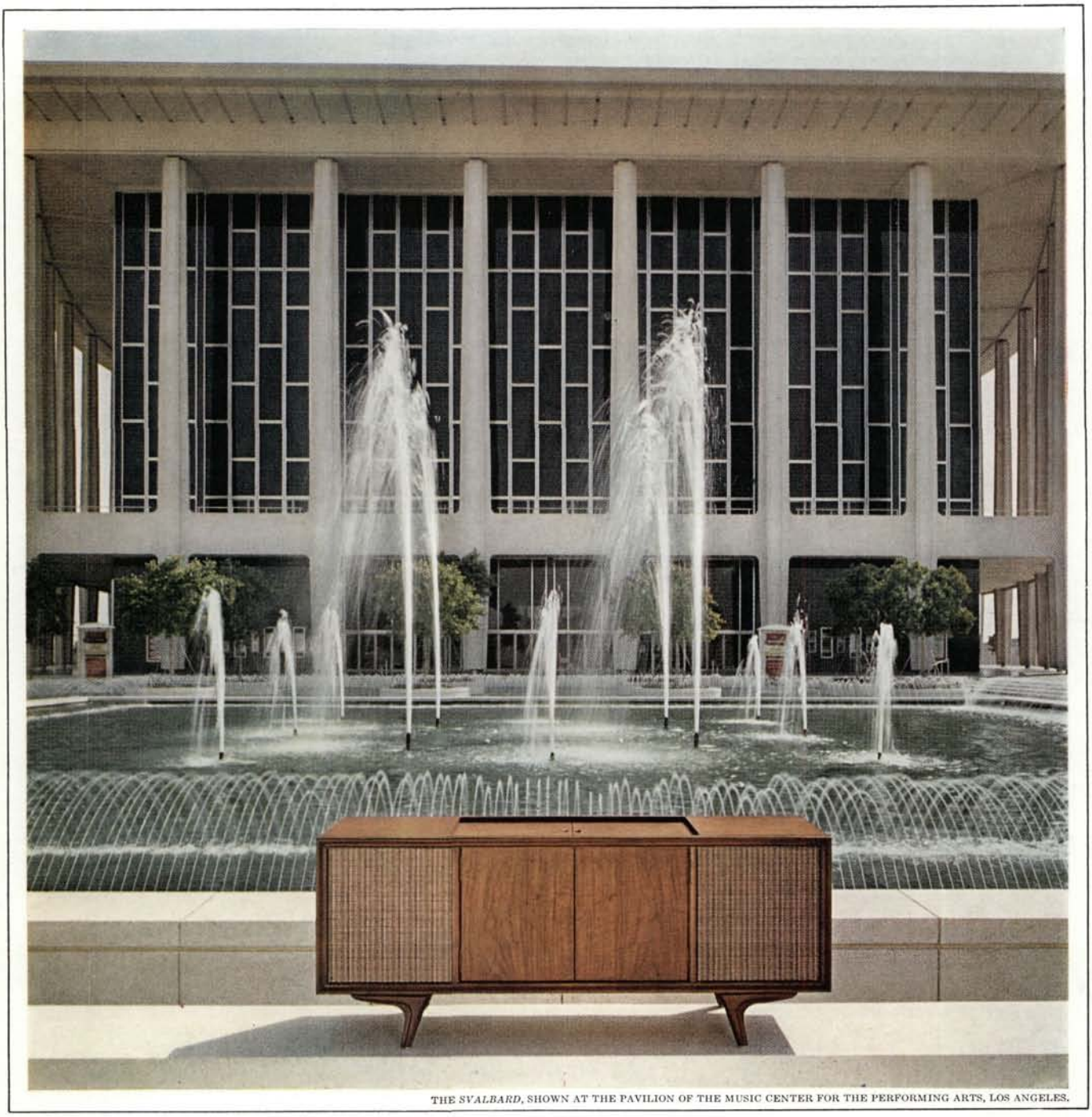

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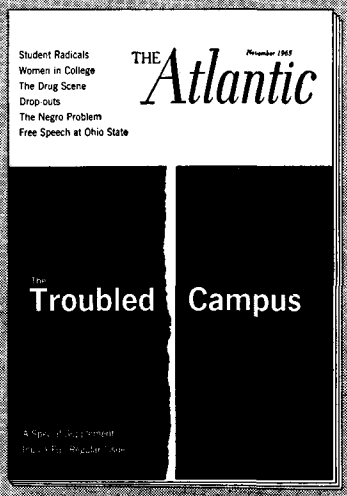

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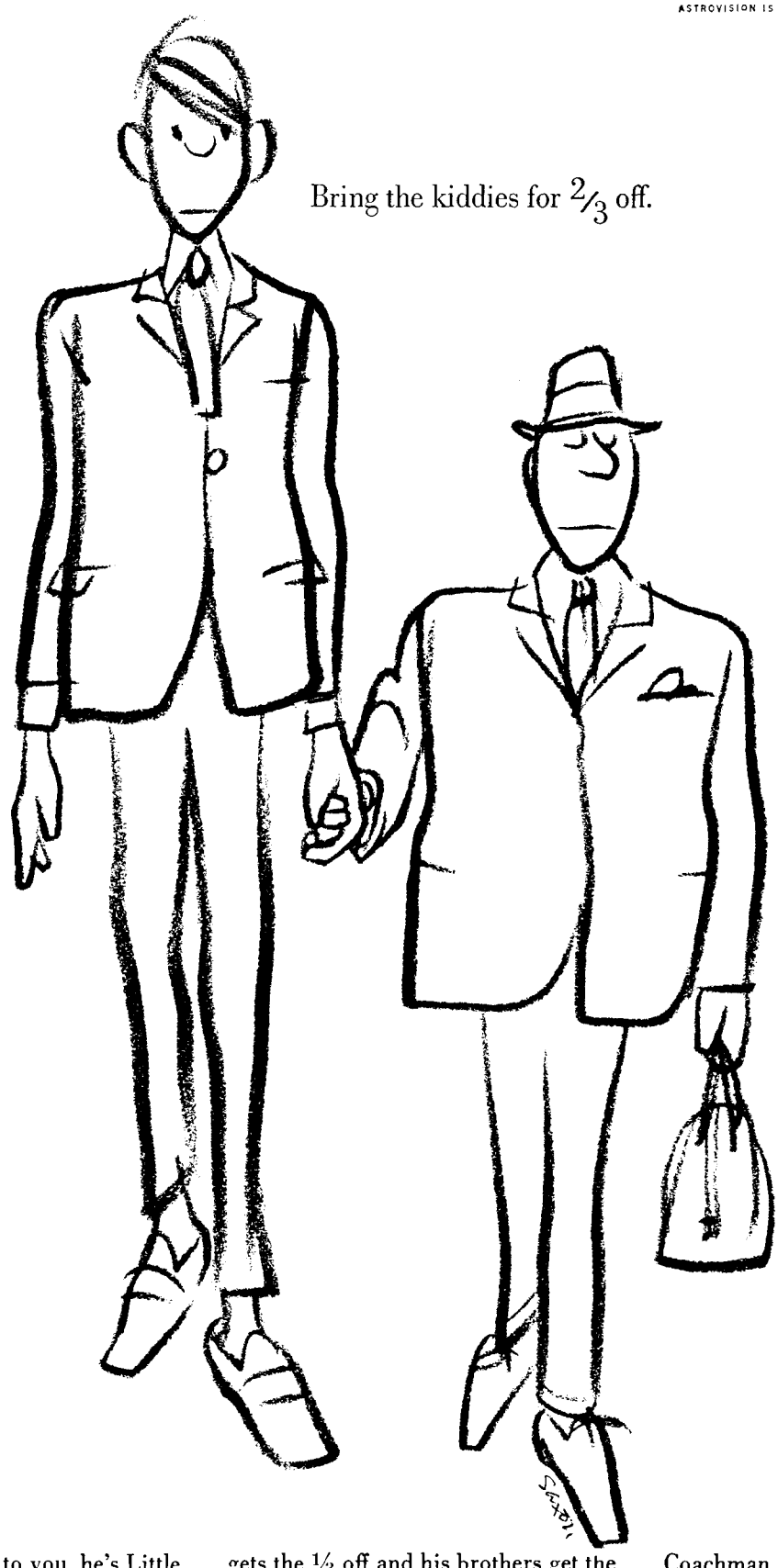

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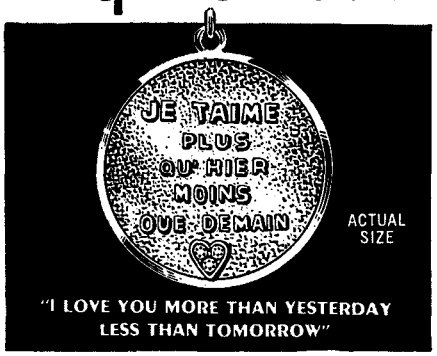

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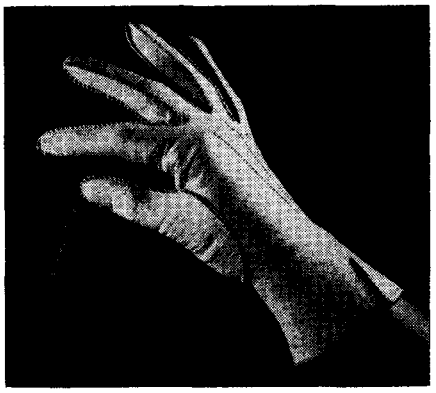

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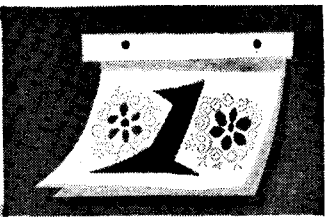

By CLEVELAND AMORY

OCTOBER WAS the month of Operation Operation, of Pope Paul and Super Ball, of Youssoupoff and Sholokhoff, of Francis Morrissey and Ikeya-Seki, of David Merrick and Rhodesia's Ian Smith, of David Miller and Rutgers's Alain Marain.

For our money the quote of the month belonged to Prince Youssoupoff, who is trying to get $1,500,000 of CBS's money for "invading his privacy." The prince, who first poisoned Rasputin, then shot him twice, next clubbed him with a nightstick, and finally had him thrown in a river, was asked what he was doing now. He said he was working for the poor people of Paris. "I do something psychic for them," he said. "I take care of them psychologically." And, we hope, no nightstick.

• • •

On the home front the college anti-Vietnam war parades brought violent response. But the fact remained that, call the paraders "Vietniks" or what you will, they will be among the ones fighting a war which, we remind you, is as yet undeclared by Congress and, so far, even undebated. In any case, perhaps the most incredible comment came from Representative Paul A. Fino (Republican, N.Y.). He suggested the Army should begin drafting "punks" and "young toughs" and suggested, for those with narcotics records, special "junkie battalions." Well, it's an idea, anyway. And, we say, if a man burns his draft card, fire him.

• • •

On the happier collegiate scene, we journeyed during the month to the Flint (Michigan) Community Junior College and found sharp evidence of the fact that adult education is becoming the country's No. 1 industry. Of 6,100 students, close to half are not only not "juniors" but are on their way to being seniors. In one geology class we found a mother and her son; in biology a father and his daughter. Mrs Allen Matherne, one of three students to graduate with high distinction, gave one good reason for adult education. "I got sick and tired," she said, "of silly bridge-club conversations." English teacher Maurice Naughton, twenty-four years old, has a grandmother in his class. "It's much easier and more pleasant teaching people who are older than you are," he says. "They listen, they have more motivation, and they don't have an ax to grind." From Professor Paul Chapel, however, came no comment. He has his own wife in his class. The subject: speech.

• • •

At the Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, convention of hotel and food men put on by *Institutions* magazine, we liked best the opening comment of Daniel J. Boorstin, author of the remarkable book *The Americans*. Starting a session on "The Future of Service in America," Professor Boorstin was reminded of the comment of Gertrude Stein about her trip to Sacramento, California. "When you get there," Miss Stein said, "there isn't any there there."

• • •

Elsewhere during the month we noted that in Amouli, on the island of American Samoa, there occurred a really remarkable funeral. There were one hundred kegs of beer, one hundred cases of canned fish, stacks upon stacks of toga, the treasured ceremonial mat of Samoa. The guests were all seated according to rank, and they were even given gifts of mats, food, and money in return for the presents they had brought—and everyone had a big time. But the most remarkable thing of all about this funeral was that the person it was for—a ninety-four-year-old grandmother—had the best time of all. She was, you see, not dead. She and her family were merely reviving an ancient custom—a funeral for the living, known as *lagi soifua*.

Well, we got to thinking about this *lagi soifua*, and the more we thought about it, the more we thought that the Samoans have a grand idea here. We've long thought there was far too much hypocrisy in the American funeral customs anyway.

To have a funeral when you're still around to enjoy it is obviously the answer. You see who comes, who really cares, and it's very helpful with that last revision of your will. And, if you want to eat a little too much or imbibe a little too freely, who cares? Don't worry what your doctor told you. After all, it's your funeral.

How often have we heard at funerals

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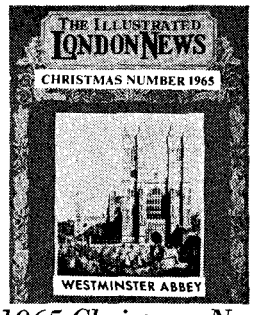

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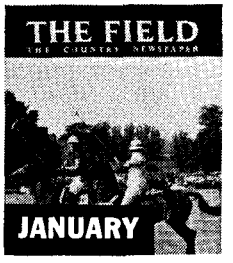

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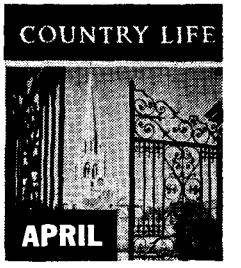

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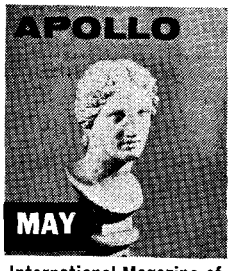

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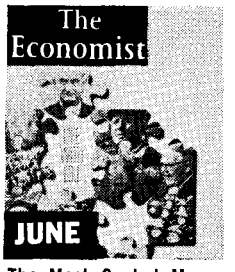

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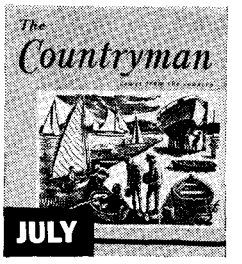

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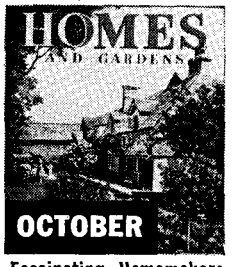

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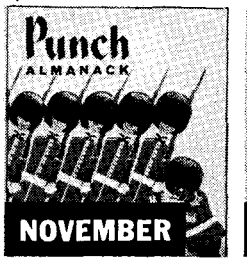

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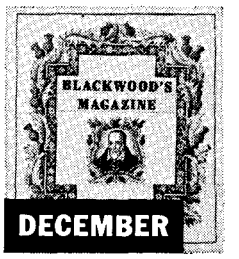

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• • •

Finally, during the month, Yale University came up with a map upgrading Leif Ericson and downgrading Christopher Columbus. So, obviously, it was time to take a brand-new look at some of our cherished old—you will pardon the expression—beliefs. The fact is that, so far, Leif—whose name, incidentally, is pronounced not "Life," nor "Leef," but "Lafe"—Ericson has received pretty short shrift, commemoratively speaking. In the New York telephone book, for example, under the name "Ericson," we found a shocking state of affairs—indeed, aside from the firm of Ericson and Ericson, Undertakers, in Brooklyn, Leif might just as well not have lived, or laved, at all.

Columbus, on the other hand—why the whole country is half named for him. It's "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" this and "Hail, Columbia" that, wherever you turn. In every state, Columbi abound—Ohio, South Carolina, you name 'em, they've got 'em.

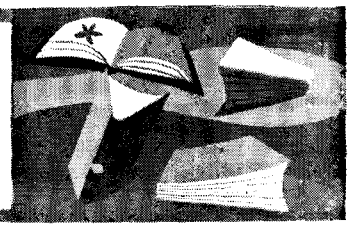
Changing them all is going to be a difficult task. You wake up in the middle of the night and think of still another one. And, speaking of nights, what about the Knights of Columbus? Johnnies-come-lately now. Unhorse 'em, we say—re-dub 'em. Dub 'em once and for all by their rightful ranks—Knights of Ericson.

As for Columbia University, there'll be mourning on Morningside Heights, and can't you just hear the howl from that student publication, the Columbia *Owl*? Well, forget it. Never mind the howl. It's not the Columbia *Owl* anymore, anyway. It's the Ericsonia *Owl*.

And then, of course, there's Columbia Pictures. Poor old Harry Cohn—his monument is no more. It's Ericsonia Pictures now—and, come to think of it, they might just as well change that lady with a lamp, too. Ought to have a Viking there, or at least a Viqueen.

Finally, last but not least, remember ol' CBS, ol' Channel 2? Well again, forget it. It's *EBS* now. It's just a matter of getting used to. You simply say it over and over—EBS, EBS. And, as you close off, you make it very stentorian. "This," you say and pause grandly, "is the Ericsonia Broadcasting System."

Trade Winds

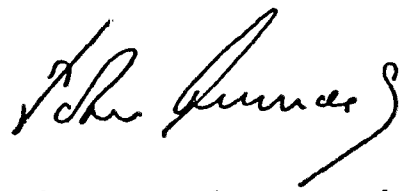


If you happen to own an autograph of John F. Kennedy, you might as well face it, it's probably a fake, according to Charles Hamilton, one of the country's leading autograph dealers. Unless you are one of the lucky few who have actually witnessed the signing of his real signature, like this one that he signed to a program at a banquet in 1960,

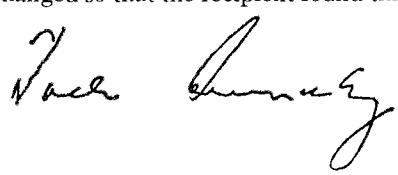
anything after 1954 was very likely perpetrated by one of more than a dozen secretaries or else by a remarkable machine called the Autopen, Model 50. All the photographs, cards, programs, letters, and so forth, with only a few exceptions, were signed in this manner.

Mr. Hamilton is the autograph dealer who has made himself newsworthy recently by dealing in letters of Ladybird Johnson, Jacqueline Kennedy, and Lee Harvey Oswald. He has been a collector for more than thirty-five years, and a professional dealer for the last thirteen years. I talked with him in his office on New York's Madison Avenue, where he is surrounded by wall-to-wall framed documents and signatures of famous and infamous persons of all times and places. He has become one of the country's leading autograph dealers, and certainly the most controversial, mainly because he has brought a measure of politics and publicity into a fairly staid field. However, he is an accepted authority on autographs, especially in the most popular branch of that hobby—Presidential signatures. His latest bombshell is *The Robot That Helped to Make a President*, a book published by Hamilton himself after more than two years of research into the signature of the late John F. Kennedy. It reveals the apparent fact that after 1954 the Kennedy name was signed almost exclusively (except for official papers of state) by this fantastic machine, the Autopen No. 50, or by secretaries.

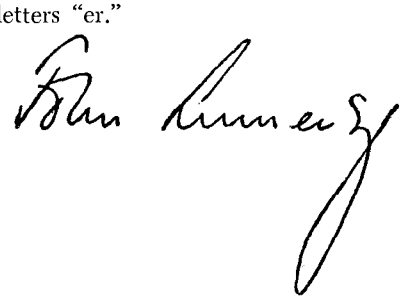
The Autopen sells for $985. There are at least 200 of them in use in various branches of the government and others in private business, where they are useful when thousands of mailings require a man's signature. A matrix is made by the person whose signature is wanted. It is put into the machine, which grabs a pen and signs and signs and signs, faster than the human being could do it himself. The machine never gets tired and it makes every signature just like every other one. That is the dead giveaway. No one ever signs his name alike twice. Here, for instance, is how the robot signed the name in 1960:



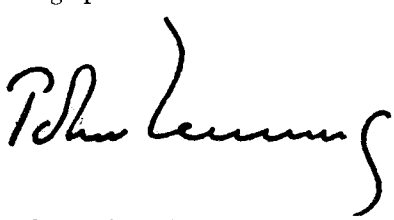
When Mr. Kennedy was writing letters to someone who was a little closer to him, Hamilton says, the matrix was changed so that the recipient found this:



Mr. Kennedy used the robot to sign thousands of form letters, photographs, and other literature. It is hard to see how he could have had the time to do it himself. He also relied on his staff, and Mr. Hamilton says he has so far isolated fourteen secretarial signatures. Some of them are much more common than others, such as the "stuttering" signature used by Secretary III—as Hamilton identifies him or her—and so called because the scrawl seems to include the letters "er."



Then there is another often-used secretarial signature by Secretary II, and this one looks like "lemming." Here is how it appeared on an "autographed" photograph of the then President:



The truth is that except for William Henry Harrison, who caught cold at his inauguration and died a month later,

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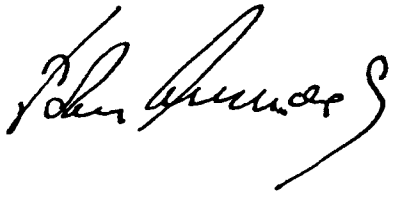
John F. Kennedy's Presidential autograph is the rarest of all Chief Executives', for the very good reason that he seldom actually signed anything himself. In 1961, when Hamilton made public his discovery that the robot had signed the Kennedy name, it was at first denied, but finally admitted, by the White House. Later Pierre Salinger denied the existence of the Autopen, but finally retracted the denial, stating, however, that it was never used in the White House. Hamilton claims, though, that the Autopen followed Kennedy right into the Executive Mansion. The existence of the gadget causes embarrassment, while the denials make it necessary to maintain that the robot signatures are authentic. In 1961 a skeptical Brooklyn man named Martin Wagner sent an autographed card back to the President and asked if the signature was indeed genuine. He received an answer from JFK's personal secretary, Evelyn Lincoln, to the effect that the card "is the signature of the President. I am sorry that you felt it was not his signature." The signature is, according to Hamilton's book, Autopen Signature I-A:



Some of the secretaries have found it hard to stop signing. As much as a year after the assassination, Hamilton reveals, old requests for President Kennedy's autograph were being answered by someone, with letters that explained that he had signed his name "apparently only a few days before his tragic passing." Hamilton has several of these posthumous autographs in his possession and has been able to identify them as one or another of the secretarial Kennedys. Hamilton explained to me that the Kennedy family inherited the Autopen and that the two Senators as well as Jacqueline Kennedy are making some use of it. The machine is nonpolitical: Rockefeller and Nixon use one, too.

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1647)

B. Kaufman:
UP THE DOWN STAIRCASE

When I returned to my own classes, after a day's absence, the kids seemed genuinely pleased to see me; but I suspect they were just as pleased with the bad time they had given my substitute. "We gave her a nervous breakdown," Lou said smugly.

The Cover

"La Musique," by Henri Matisse
—Albright-Knox Gallery, Buffalo, New York Room of Contemporary Art

Painted in Nice during 1939, *La Musique* predicted Matisse's later works devoted to jazz. Here a boldly patterned canvas suggests the repetitive rhythms of modern music, and intentionally dislocated figures parallel the downbeat dissonance of jazz. As always with Matisse, color surprises give life-blood to the painting. He once said, "I . . . try to find a color that will fit my sensation." For him color was less descriptive than expressive, more decorative than functional. No one else has been able to make color and line sing so exuberantly.

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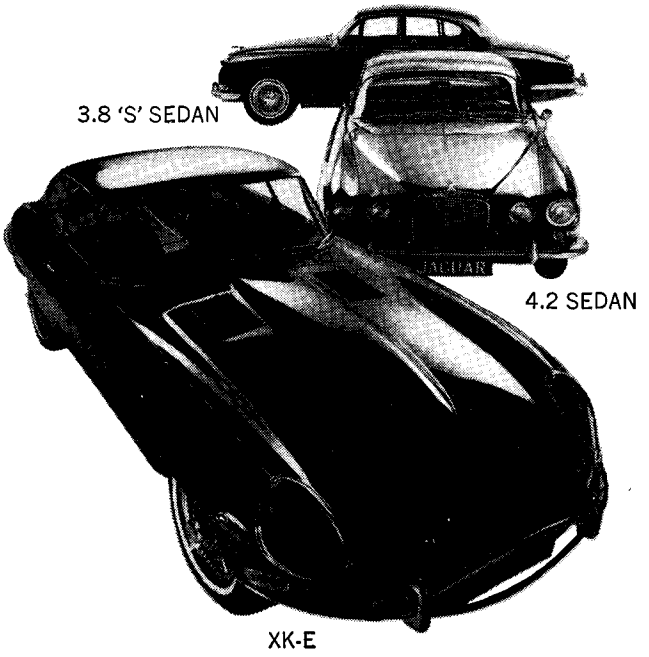
Jaguar: A different breed of cat.



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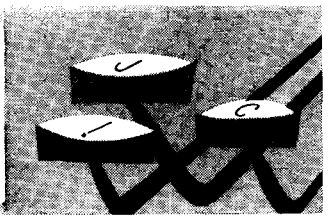
Manner of Speaking



The Right to Read: Is it a rule of public conduct that people of firm and narrow principle must always be better organized for civic action than are those of firm but broader principle? "I hate" seems ever to be a more effective organizing force than "Well, now, let's talk it over." So, at least, it seems to be in the contest between those who are moved to censor books and those who are moved to resent consorship.

Or so the case seemed to stand until I encountered the New Jersey Committee for the Right to Read, and long may it wave. The Committee (Box 250, Caldwell, New Jersey 07006) raises funds, recruits members, holds seminars and panel sessions, collects information on book-banning cases, presents clear arguments in favor of the right to read, addresses protests to local officials who suppress books, and publishes a regular bulletin titled *The Readers' Rights* (subscription $1 a year.)

I am especially grateful to *The Readers' Rights* for bringing to my attention the report of the Kinsey Institute for Sex Research titled *Sex Offenders: An Analysis of Types*, a statistical study of 2,721 sex offenders, 1,356 of whom were interviewed in jail while serving sentences for sex crimes.

The book-banners like to argue that there is a direct connection between "sexy" literature and sex crime. And certainly, could such a connection be shown to exist, it would provide a powerful reason for censorship. The Kinsey Institute report, however, finds no such connection. As summarized for the *Ladies' Home Journal* by Dr. Paul Gebhard, who took part in the report, and as reprinted in *The Readers' Rights*, the Kinsey researchers found that:

> The stereotyped "sex criminal" of popular imagination turns out to be *many different kinds of men*. Contrary to general belief, few of them take dope, although many of them do commit their crimes under the influence of alcohol. And few are in any way inspired by pornography. As the Institute's previous reports have shown, pornography of all kinds is mostly read and enjoyed by men of more than average intelligence and with vivid imaginations. The men in prison for sexual offenses, on the other hand, turned out to be men of rather low intelligence and imagination. Their disinterested. [Did Dr. Gebhard mean "uninterested?"] and indeed scornful attitude toward pornography was perhaps best summed up by one fairly typical prisoner who told me, "You can't do nothin' with a pitcher."
>
> Many of the mothers of America should find reassurance in this fact. Boys, at puberty, often begin to take a surreptitious interest in risqué magazines, and sometimes wind up with collections of outright pornography. A mother who finds such possessions hidden in her son's room need not be unduly concerned, for this does not mean he will grow up into a fiend or a pervert. Not one of the men we interviewed seemed to have gone to prison as a result of exposure to pornography, either immediately before his crime or even at some distant time back in his adolescence.

I happen to know a smidgin-bit about the mothers of America. I had one of my own once and I ended up married to another. If they cannot find their reassurance in Dr. Gebhard's results, let me suggest they ask one of the fathers of America, perhaps the one they happen to be married to. If he is honest enough to confess to his own adolescence he will be able to tell them that Dr. Gebhard is describing something like the normal process of early puberty.

The Right to Refuse (or Valor Among the Garbage Cans): It may seem frivolous to turn from so large an issue to the one that has set Mr. J. J. Kyker at odds with the Nashville garbage collectors, and it was in some sort of minor mood that I paused in the Nashville Airport to buy a copy of the Nashville *Tennessean* in which I read, in the act of killing time, about Mr. Kyker's stand among the garbage cans. By the time I had finished reading, however, I was beyond frivolity and firm to praise a man who knows his own mind.

Mr. Kyker has been informed by the local commissioner of garbage that he will have to buy a specified sort of galvanized garbage can "or face the consequence"—and what a lovely fossil specimen of an official fossil phrase that official fossil phrase is! Mr. Kyker for his part has refused to back down on the purest of American premises. "I don't like to be pushed around," he announced. And let me announce that I don't like to see him pushed around, either.

I have, moreover, read the garbage laws as quoted in the paper, and I have seen a clear photo of Mr. Kyker's garbage cans. They are obviously fine, upstanding American garbage cans and I am all for them. They have nothing to do with those galvanized frivolities that pass through our lives in a brief contest to see whether the bottoms will rust out before the collectors mash the sides flat, or whether the sides will be mashed flat before the bottoms rust out. Mr. Kyker has two sound metal drums, which are in themselves enough to dispose me in his favor. And in addition to a clear right, I find a fine accommodating patience on his side.

Garbage law in Nashville specifies thirty-gallon drums with tight-fitting lids, and Mr. Kyker has thirty-gallon drums with tight-fitting lids. His drums were originally used to ship yellow paint and, though the law is mute on the point, the garbage commissioner is afraid some of the paint still clings to the drums and that his collectors will get their hands dirty. Very well, Mr. Kyker has countered, he will scrub them out with turpentine. And if they want handles on the cans he is willing to have handles welded on—though on this point, too, the law is mute.

I should have thought that Mr. Kyker had met every objection that could be raised by the most garbagey of commissioners, but the garbage set had one more up its sleeve. The drums, it declared, are too heavy. It was at that point that I joined the local forces of rebellion.

Don't you believe them for a minute, Mr. Kyker. Their real objection is that the drums won't mash as easily as the galvanized cans. They are madmen, Sir, and it is their fetish to crush every pseudo-metal shell they can lay hands on, nothing will drive them into a frenzy sooner than real and resistant metal. They will, to be sure, demolish even your fine drums given time enough, but meanwhile theirs is the rage of frustration.

I see from the papers, Sir, that you may be subject to a fine of no more than $50 and three months in jail and that you would sooner go to jail than be pushed around. I see, alternatively, that the commissioner may decide to deliver two galvanized cans to your door and to bill you for them. Refuse them, Mr. Kyker. Or use them to put the commissioner in, if he should come around. But don't let him push you around—I like the way you say that, Sir. I can't get three months off to go to jail for you, but it would be a pleasure to pay your fine if the garbage heads—I mean the heads of local garbage—insist on acting like themselves. I like a man who doesn't like to be pushed around. (Have you ever read Thoreau, Mr. Kyker? I think you would like the feel of his mind.)

Stand fast, Mr. Kyker, and let Nashville make the most of it. Caesar had his Brutus, and Nashville. . . .

Well, firmly yours,

—John Ciardi.

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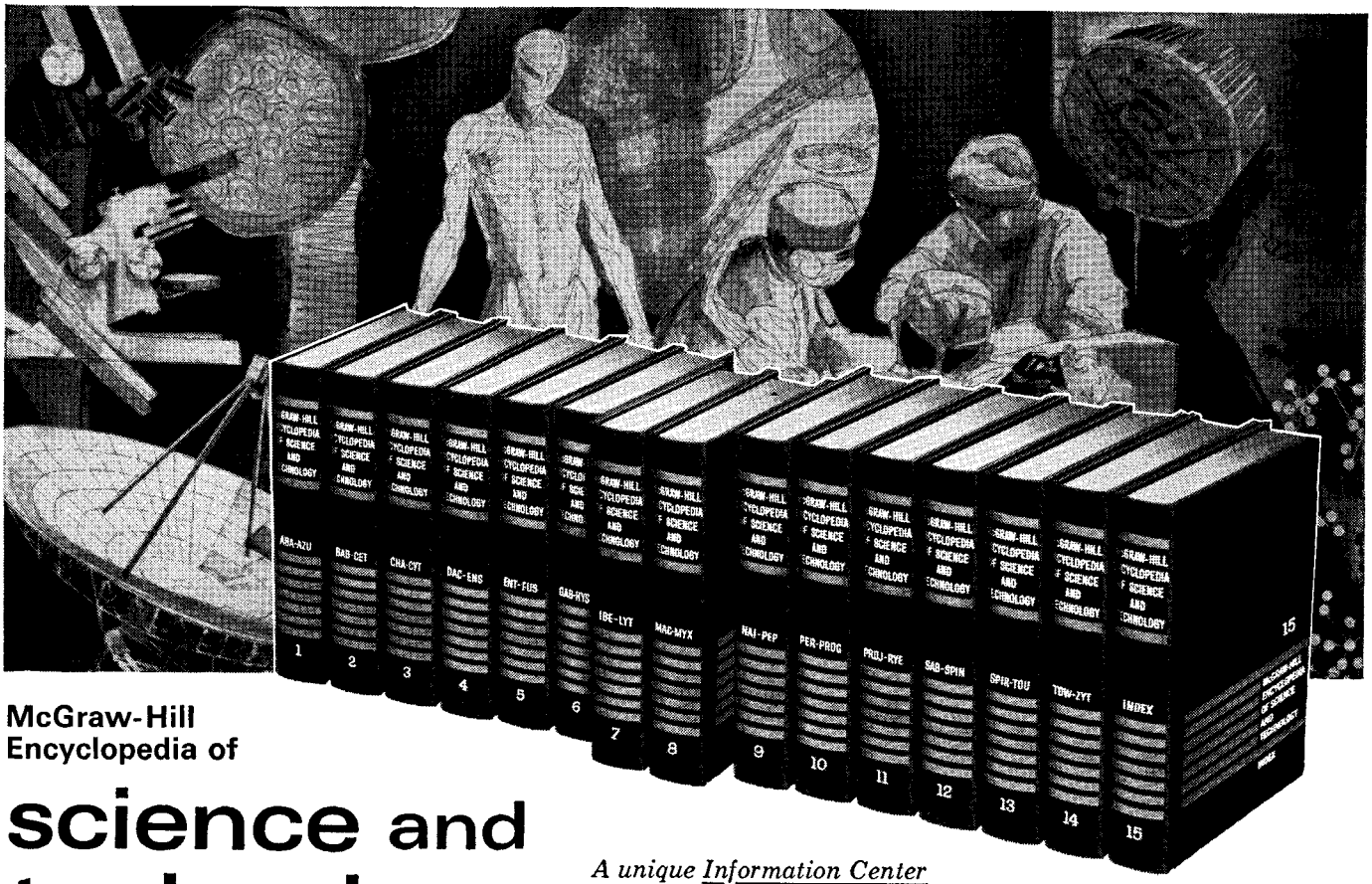

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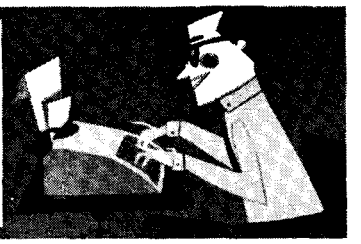
Top of My Head



MD Is for Moving Day

THE PATIENT had been told the dread news. He was a very sick man. He had one of the Big Ones. But he was not to despair. He had a good chance of beating it, the doctor told him in not so many words.

"You are not to despair," the doctor said. "You have a chance of beating it."

But the patient was to have faith in the doctor, put himself entirely in the doctor's hands, and to accept any therapy the doctor intended to use.

"First thing I'm going to do is have you moved out of this semi-private room into a private room," he said.

The patient was moved from the third floor to the sixth floor. But the doctor discovered that the patients on either side of his patient's room were drawing so many visitors that he was becoming nervous.

"The patients on either side of your room are drawing so many visitors," the doctor said, "that you are becoming hypertensive."

So he was moved to the fifth floor. But the patient missed the conviviality of the visitors who came to see the other patients and who sometimes left the people they came to see and dropped in to see him. So he was moved to the eighth.

The therapy now began. It had to be delicately administered once a week and the timing was most important.

"This therapy must be delicately administered once a week," the doctor said, "and the timing is most important. I'll give you Tuesday night from nine o'clock to ten," he concluded.

After three weeks the patient did not respond. So the therapy hour was changed from nine to ten to 9:30 to 10:30. There was still no marked improvement, so the patient was transferred to the second floor and the hour changed to 7:30 to 8:30. In a matter of weeks he was miraculously cured.

Do you believe that? Do you accept this little allegorical saga of misery in which a patient who was eighty-ninth on a hospital's chart of chances of recovery, and was then merely moved from floor to floor and from hour to hour, zoomed to third in the ratings and finally reached his bonanza? If you do, you've got to believe the TV networks are on the right track.

The network doctors, for instance, over at the ABC Hospital—Arthritis, Bursitis, and Cirrhosis—are moving sick shows around like mad. *Peyton Place* 3 will be switched from Fridays at 9:30 to Mondays at the time now occupied by *The Farmer's Daughter*, who will be switched to Friday at that time, and I don't think she's going to like that. But it's what the doctor ordered. *Peyton Place 3*, by switching to Mondays, will thus be able to occupy a bed in the obstetrical ward for which *The Farmer's Daughter* will have no need for the next nine months, as she is only now about to be married. Unless, of course, that story line works out like *Peyton Place*.

And *Bat Man*, a twice-weekly series, will be placed at 7:30 Wednesdays, replacing the *Ozzie and Harriet* family, who will replace *The King Family* on Saturdays at eight o'clock. In spite of the fact that both these are large families, they have had very few visitors lately and can be transferred to an isolation ward, if not to limbo.

The three chief doctors of the major network hospitals appeared recently in a symposium held in the amphitheater of the New York Hilton Hotel. In answer to a question they said that they themselves did not approve of some of the operations they were called upon to perform but that the patients across the country, year after year, have insisted on having their psyches laid open on an operating table.

This is the usual whitewash paper the doctors offer as a reason that so many programs are so mediocre. Actually it's not the operation itself the patients who watch television so patiently want. What they now crave is the anesthesia on which they've become hooked.

This nocturnal euphoria lasts from prime time, eight to eleven, unless you're a late-movie watcher, and tends to strengthen the patient's credibility in the doctor's omniscience. Of course it softens his brain, but what a small price to pay for anesthesia!

It's only when the anesthesia wears off that the patient wakes up screaming: "My Mother the Car?"

I rest my case. Suture . . .

—GOODMAN ACE.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

ON STAGE!

The quotations listed below are the first words spoken by leading characters in fifteen great plays. They have been chosen by Andrew J. Brooks Jr. of Chicago, who asks you to name the speakers. If you need prompting, turn to page 70.

1. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester.
2. Now I have studied philosophy, medicine, and the law. . . .
3. Is you been baptized?
4. Ah, woe! What misery is mine! Utter grief and despair!
5. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
6. Good morning, my dear Miss Tesman! Calling so early? How kind of you!
7. Children, new blood of Cadmus' ancient line,
   What is the meaning of this supplication . . .?
8. Wretch, have I not forbade you these three weeks?
9. A little more than kin, and less than kind.
10. It's all right. I came back.
11. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?
12. There! there! there! there! who's hurting you, you silly girl? What do you take me for?
13. Laurent, put away my hairshirt and my scourge, and pray that Heaven may enlighten you.
14. O sister! Ismene dear, dear sister Ismene!
15. Three thousand ducats; well?

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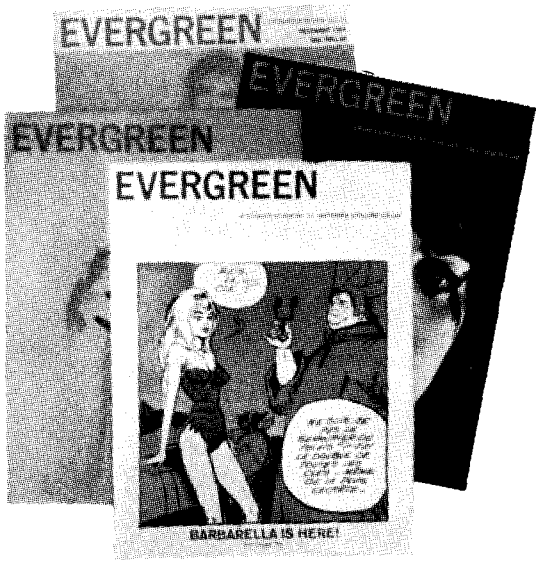

Our current issue is typical of the excitement you can expect every issue. For starters, the further adventures of *Barbarella*, the thrill-loving heroine of the French comic strip for grown-ups —too grown up for French censors who have banned her, and too good to miss. Also in this issue: The sensational debut of an American rival to Barbarella, *Phoebe Zeit-Geist*, a new cliff-hanger serial starring a luscious swinger who, in Chapter One, is trapped in Death Valley at the mercy of a sinister stranger in a faded Luftwaffe uniform; a report on *Bundan*, the literary world of Tokyo which packages young writers like Hollywood promotes starlets; an eye-witness account of a meeting of leading Negro writers to set forth what Nat Hentoff sums up as the "black thrust for power and possession;" Martin Williams continues his *LP Catalog* with an essay on the Count Basie orchestra; another appearance by Michael Rumaker, who contributes a short story you'll remember for a long time; and more of the new fiction, criticism, poetry and exciting graphics.

For some it will be too strong to take; for others, too important to miss. The only way to know is try it. At our risk. Evergreen is published bi-monthly, and sells for $1.00 an issue at newsstands and bookstores. A year's subscription (6 issues) is $5.00. If you subscribe, we'll send you the current issue free. If you decide Evergreen isn't for you, cancel your subscription within 10 days for a full "cheerfully returned" refund. The free issue is yours, plus the comfort of knowing that we'll never be able to tempt you again.

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SR Recommends

BOOKS

Nonfiction

KENNEDY, Theodore C. Sorensen. Harper & Row, $10 (*SR,* Oct. 9)—A solid, honest account of a President who sought new solutions to problems, and ways of living with those that could not be resolved.

WAGING PEACE: 1956-1961, Dwight D. Eisenhower. Doubleday, $6.95 (*SR,* Oct. 16)—The concluding volume of the former President's memoirs presents the author as more like Louis XIV than the amiable man of the popular image.

FLOODTIDE IN EUROPE, Don Cook. Putnam, $6.50 (*SR,* Oct. 9)—The Paris correspondent of the Los Angeles *Times* provides, excitingly, a sound background for the understanding of contemporary events in the United Kingdom, France, and West Germany.

NEVER CALL RETREAT, Bruce Catton, Doubleday, $7.50 (*SR,* Oct. 2)—The third and concluding volume in a series that is the first full-scale history of the Civil War is a model of judicious evaluation and swift summary.

CONFRONTATION: BLACK AND WHITE, Lerone Bennett, Jr. Johnson, $5.95 (*SR,* Oct. 16)—The senior editor of *Ebony* describes with equal clarity the dilemmas, the postures, and the protective myths of the Negro.

WILLIAM FAULKNER OF OXFORD, ed. by James W. Webb and A. Wigfall Green. Louisiana State University Press, $4.95 (*SR,* Oct. 2)—A collection of more than forty entertaining and significant reminiscences (only a few of which have appeared before) by the people who took pleasure in Faulkner's great fame but accepted him on their own ground as neighbor.

PROUST, THE LATER YEARS, George Painter. Little, Brown, $6.50 (*SR,* Oct. 23)—Mining to the full the vast amount of primary material that has recently become available, this second of a two-volume biography makes more than minor amplifications or correction in the future unlikely.

NOTEBOOKS, 1942-1951, Albert Camus; tr. from the French by Justin O'Brien. Knopf, $5 (*SR,* Oct. 23)—This second volume of private jottings by the Nobel Prize-winner reflects him as quieter than previously, if no less committed.

DAYS OF SHAME, Charles E. Potter. Coward-McCann, $5.95 (*SR,* Oct. 16)—The inside story of Senator Joseph McCarthy *vs.* the United States Army is enhanced by the literal-mindedness of the author who, during the ruckus, was often President Eisenhower's confidant.

MONTAIGNE: A BIOGRAPHY, Donald M. Frame. Harcourt, Brace & World, $10 (*SR,* Oct. 16)—This study is hailed as the best modern view of the life, works, and influence of the Renaissance essayist.

THE LIFE OF DYLAN THOMAS, Constantine FitzGibbon. Atlantic-Little, Brown, $7.95 (*SR,* Oct. 30)—A co-worker and crony minimizes his own role to evoke the presence of the poet in all of his charm and complexity.

THE HISTORY OF SURREALISM, Maurice Nadeau; tr. from the French by Richard Howard. Macmillan, $6.95 (*SR,* Oct. 30)—This comprehensive chronicle, written in 1944, includes, besides biographical notes and bibliographies, many surrealist documents.

Fiction

LOVE ON A DARK STREET, Irwin Shaw. Delacorte, $4.95 (*SR,* Oct. 2)—The characters in these ten short stories walk into the living room of your mind and refuse to be dislodged.

IT'S COLD IN PONGO-NI, Edward Franklin. Vanguard, $3.95 (*SR,* Oct. 2)—With seeming innocence, a veteran of the Korean conflict portrays the full futility of war.

THE DOORBELL RANG: A NERO WOLFE NOVEL, Rex Stout. Viking, $3.50 (*SR,* Oct. 9)—The sedentary private eye takes on his toughest opponent, the FBI, some of whose agents are suspected of murder.

THE MANDELBAUM GATE, Muriel Spark. Knopf, $5.95 (*SR,* Oct. 16)—In this suspense story Miss Spark describes with wit and perception the tensions between Jordan and Israel, here framing the personal dilemma of her heroine, a Catholic convert of Protestant-Jewish parentage.

AFRICAN STORIES, Doris Lessing. Simon & Schuster, $7.95 (*SR,* Oct. 23)—These short stories, which include two that have never previously appeared in the States, knife through the illusion and falsity cloaking our lives.

THE RED AND THE GREEN, Iris Murdoch. Viking, $5 (*SR,* Oct. 30)—This most lucid and straightforward of Miss Murdoch's novels offers plenty to mull over in its account of an Anglo-Irish family in Dublin at the time of the Irish uprising on Easter Monday, 1916.

LA BATARDE, Violette Leduc; tr. from the French by Derek Coltman. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.95 (*SR,* Oct. 30)—Impoverished, fatherless, and ugly, the protagonist of this autobiographical novel takes deviant paths to love, but, encouraged by Maurice Sachs and Simone de Beauvoir, achieves a *succès de scandale* as a writer.

Poetry

TAPE FOR THE TURN OF THE YEAR, A. R. Ammons. Cornell University Press, $4.95 (*SR,* Oct. 9)—A single, long verse diary extending from December 6, 1963, to January 10, 1964, written on a roll of adding-machine tape, and allowing the width of the paper to determine the length of the line. A stunt—but one that takes us into a mind that is quick with awareness and search for meaning.

CORSON'S INLET, A. R. Ammons, Cornell University Press, $3.95 (*SR,* Oct. 9). A collection of shorter poems that are denser but display the same ease of style.

ART

Exhibitions

ANCIENT PERUVIAN TEXTILES, Museum of Primitive Art, New York. Sixty rare Peruvian textiles, lent by the Textile Museum of Washington, D.C., range from hats to wall hangings. Dating from the first millenium B.C. until the destruction of the Inca culture in 1532, this fine collection includes ponchos, mantles, headdresses, false heads for mummy bundles, dolls, and coca-leaf bags. Closes November 14.

ABOUT NEW YORK: NIGHT AND DAY, 1915-65, Gallery of Modern Art, New York. An exhibition of more than 200 works reflecting life in New York City during the past five decades is sponsored by the Women's City Club of New York to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary. Oils, watercolors, photographs, prints, drawings, sculpture, and memorabilia are juxtaposed. Recorded sounds, newspaper headlines, costumes, and even models of early automobiles help dramatize the exhibition. Closes November 14.

HENDRICH TERBRUGGHEN IN AMERICA, Dayton Art Institute, Dayton, Ohio. The first exhibition of this important seventeenth-century Dutch painter relies only on works borrowed from American collections. Influenced both by Caravaggio and Vermeer, Terbrugghen was a tender realist. Closes November 28.

OLYMPIA'S PROGENY, Wildenstein & Company, Inc., New York. A loan exhibition of eighty-odd paintings dating from 1865 to 1905, features Monet, Pissaro, Sisley, Renoir, Cézanne, Van Gogh, and Gauguin, a group usually accepted as the most celebrated representatives of impressionism and post-impressionism. "Olympia" refers to a famous painting by Manet. Closes November 27.

JAMES A. MCNEILL WHISTLER, Associated American Artists, New York. The first comprehensive exhibition of etchings and lithographs by this noted American artist to be seen in New York for more than fifteen years. Over 100 works, including examples from "The Thames Series" and "The Venetian Series," prove once again what a splendid graphic artist Whistler was. Closes November 27.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Publications

A WAY OF SEEING, Photos by Helen Levitt, with an essay by James Agee. Viking, $6.50. The power and expressiveness of the Levitt lens throws Agee's explanatory text into soft focus.

EDWARD WESTON, an Aperture monograph, ed. by Nancy Newhall. Grossman, $5.95. Seen in retrospect and selected with discerning editorial eye, a master photographer's words and pictures speak with undiminished eloquence.

Exhibitions

PHOTOGRAPHY IN AMERICA: 1850-1965, Yale University Art Gallery, New Haven. From daguerreotype to present-day print, the medium writes its own history in the graphic terms of the landscape and social scene it has recorded.

PHOTOGRAPHY FROM FIVE YEARS OF SPACE, Drexel Institute of Technology, Philadelphia; Louisiana Arts and Science Center, Baton Rouge. Updated with moon-probe and walk-in-space pictures, this NASA show continues in orbit proclaiming the peaceful uses of space technology.

MOVIES

ITALIANO BRAVA GENTE (*SR,* Oct. 30)—Rarely has film been so effectively mobilized in this re-creation of the Russian campaign of 1942-43 as experienced by the troops on both sides. For an equivalent, one thinks back to *All Quiet on the Western Front*—and realizes at once how much more complex this production is.

THE LOVED ONE (*SR,* Oct. 23)—Even more trenchant, biting, and outrageous than Waugh's version. Also . . .

THE IPCRESS FILE, THE KNACK, and **DARLING.**

THEATER

THE ROYAL HUNT OF THE SUN, THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ENTIRE WORLD AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF COLE PORTER REVISITED, THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES, HALF A SIXPENCE, THE KNACK, GOLDEN BOY, THE ODD COUPLE, FIDDLER ON THE ROOF, and **LUV.**

POETRY CENTER

Sunday, October 31—Samuel Hazo and Winfield Townley Scott.
Monday, November 1—Kenneth Rexroth.
Monday, November 15—Ben Belitt and Howard Nemerov.
Sunday, November 21—Ralph Ellison.

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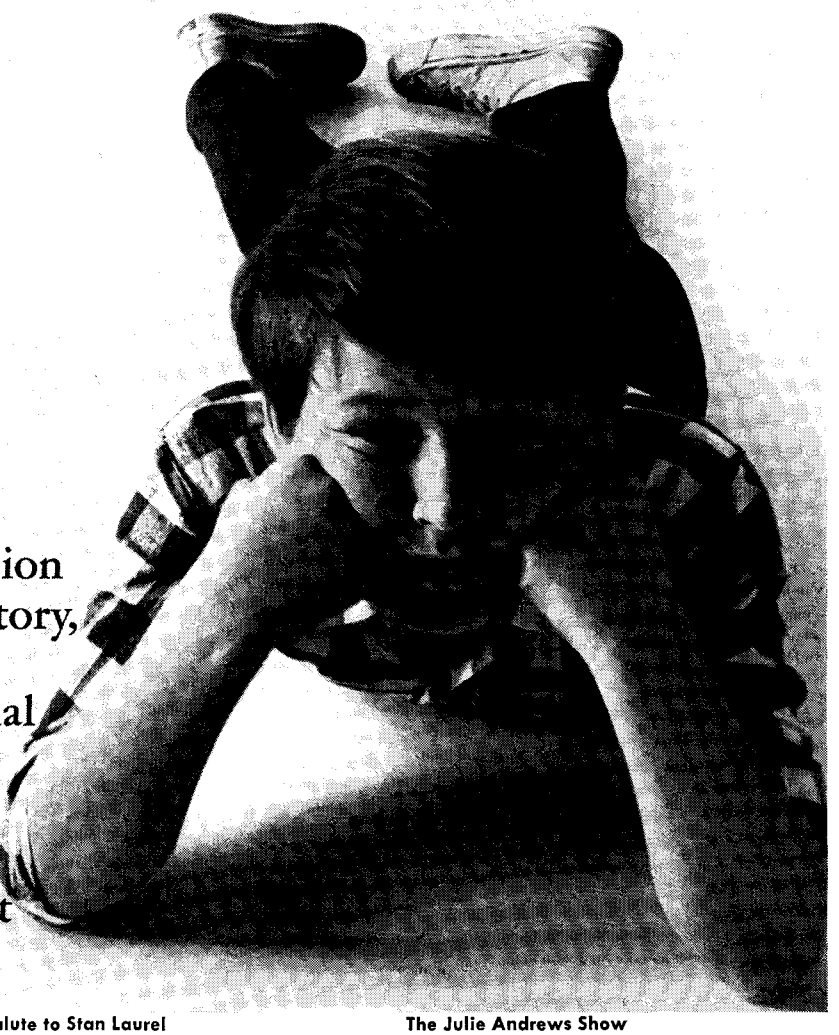

In November, television looks at government, history, music, regional cultures, and even ethics in internal medicine.

If you tell him to turn off the television set this month, you may interrupt his education.

Election Returns
Returns, bulletins, and reports.
Tuesday, November 2.

Lamp Unto My Feet: Erasmus
Dramatizes the life of the Renaissance humanist.
Sunday, November 7 (10-10:30 AM)

Directions '66
Mission: The Christian Calling; The Church and the Theatre, Part 1 and Part 2; Revolt on the Campus.
Sundays, November 7, 14, 21, 28 (1-1:30 PM)

The Wild, Wild East
First in a series on regions of the United States focuses on Eastern personalities.
Tuesday, November 9 (10-11 PM)

National Citizenship Test
Nationwide television test for home-viewers on citizens' rights and responsibilities.
Tuesday, November 9 (10-11 PM)

The Spanish Armada
Traces the historic struggle for world dominance between England and Spain in the 16th Century.
Sunday, November 14 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Inherit the Wind
Melvyn Douglas and Ed Begley recreate their Broadway roles in the "monkey trial" drama.
Thursday, November 18 (9:30-11 PM)

A Salute to Stan Laurel
Lucille Ball, Rock Hudson, Buster Keaton, Danny Kaye, Phil Silvers, Dick Van Dyke, in a tribute to the late comedian.
Tuesday, November 23 (8:30-9:30 PM)

Congress Needs Help
Evaluation of a year's study of the operating machinery of Congress. David Brinkley narrates.
Wednesday, November 24 (10-11 PM)

Sammy Davis and the Wonderful World of Children
Sammy Davis, Jr. and musically talented youngsters in a Thanksgiving Day Show.
Thursday, November 25 (5-6 PM)

A Visit to Washington with Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson
A tour of the nation's Capital and its historic sites.
Thursday, November 25 (Time TBA)

Who Shall Live?
Examines the ethical and economic issues involved in the use of the artificial kidney at the Seattle Artificial Kidney Center.
Sunday, November 28 (6:30-7:30 PM)

The Dangerous Christmas of Red Riding Hood or Oh Wolf, Poor Wolf
Liza Minelli and Cyril Ritchard star in a musical based on the famous fairy tale.
Sunday, November 28 (7-8 PM)

The Julie Andrews Show
With guest stars Gene Kelly and The New Christy Minstrels.
Sunday, November 28 (9-10 PM)

Musical Atoms — A Study of Intervals. Featuring the first movement of Brahms 4th Symphony.
Monday, November 29 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Thanksgiving Day Parade Jubilee
Parades in major American cities.
Thursday, November 25 (10 AM-12 Noon)

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday:
Today/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays:
CBS Reports

Saturdays:
Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester/ The First Look/Exploring/ABC Scope/ Wide World of Sports/Sports in Action

Sundays:
Look Up and Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/ Discovery/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/ Issues and Answers/Frontiers of Faith/Wisdom/ Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/The Twentieth Century/The Frank McGee Report/Walt Disney

NOTE: Times (NYT), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

Television Information Office
666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Anthologies

THE BEDSIDE PHOENIX NEST. Edited by Martin Levin. Washburn. $6.50.

THE TREASURY OF HUNTING. By Larry Koller. Odyssey. $14.95.

Anthropology

CORAL GARDENS AND THEIR MAGIC. By Bronislaw Malinowski. Indiana Univ. Press. Volume I: Soil-Tilling and Agricultural Rites in the Trobriand Islands. $8.75. Volume II: The Language of Magic and Gardening. $7.50.

Crime, Suspense

A COMPLETE STRANGER. By Van Siller. Doubleday. $3.50.

DOUBLE BARREL. By Nicholas Freeling. Harper & Row. $3.95.

GIDEON'S BRIDGE. By J. J. Marric. Harper & Row. $3.95.

MURDERERS SANE AND MAD: Case Histories in the Motivation and Rationale of Murder. By Miriam Allen de Ford. Abelard-Schuman. $5.

THURSDAY AT DAWN. By Werner J. Luddecke. Doubleday. $3.50.

Current Affairs

ANATOMY OF BRITAIN TODAY. By Anthony Sampson. Harper & Row. $8.50.

CHINESE JOURNEY. By Jan Myrdal. Pantheon. $9.95.

THE COMMUNIST REVOLUTION IN ASIA: Tactics, Goals and Achievements. By Robert A. Scalapino. Prentice-Hall. $10.

FREEDOM THROUGH POWER. By William Withers. John Day. $4.95.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS: A General Theory. By John Wear Burton, Jr. Cambridge Univ. Press. $7.50.

JAPAN AND KOREA: America's Allies in the Pacific. By James W. Morley. Walker. $4.50.

POLITICS AND THE WARREN COURT. By Alexander M. Bickel. Harper & Row. $6.95.

Fiction

BIRD ON A BURNING BRANCH. By Anne Huston Orr. Shorewood-Shorecrest. $3.95.

A MAN OF DOUBLE DEED. By Leonard Daventry. Doubleday. $3.95.

THE MARRIAGE OF KATHERINE. By D. E. Stevenson. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.50.

REASON FOR GLADNESS. By Mary Wallace. Funk & Wagnalls. $4.95.

THREE BY HEINLEIN: The Puppet Masters, Waldo, and Magic, Inc. By Robert A. Heinlein. Doubleday. $5.95.

THE TORTURER'S HORSE. By Robert Inman. Bobbs-Merrill. $4.95.

History

AFTER IMPERIALISM: The Search for a New Order in the Far East, 1921-1931. By Akira Iriye. Harvard Univ. Press. $9.50.

A BRIEF DIPLOMATIC HISTORY OF MODERN JAPAN. By Morinosuke Kajima. Tuttle. $4.50.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF AMERICAN HISTORY. Edited by Richard B. Morris. Harper & Row. $8.95.

ENGLISH HISTORY 1914-1945 (Oxford History of England, Volume XII). By A. J. P. Taylor. Oxford Univ. Press. $9.75.

FROM THE DREADNOUGHT TO SCAPA FLOW: The War Years to the Eve of Jutland 1914-1916. By Arthur J. Marder. Oxford Univ. Press. $14.

HIROSHIMA PLUS 20. Prepared by *The New York Times*. Delacorte. $5.

IVAN AKSAKOV (1823-1886): A Study in Russian Thought and Politics. By Stephen Lukashevich. Harvard Univ. Press. $5.50.

THE LIFE AND TEACHING OF KARL MARX. By John Lewis. International. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

THE NEZ PERCE INDIANS AND THE OPENING OF THE NORTHWEST. By Alvin M. Josephy, Jr. Yale Univ. Press. $12.50.

111 DAYS IN STANLEYVILLE. By David Reed. Harper & Row. $4.95.

ROLL JORDAN ROLL: The Life Story of a River and Its People. By Robert St. John. Doubleday. $5.95.

ROME OF THE CAESARS. By Thomas W. Africa. Wiley. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $2.95.

SCANDINAVIA. By John H. Wuorinen. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

THE STAGES OF POLITICAL DEVELOPMENT. By A. F. K. Organski. Knopf. $5.75.

STONEHENGE DECODED. By Gerald S. Hawkins in collaboration with John B. White. Doubleday. $5.95.

WHEN LINCOLN DIED. By Ralph Borreson. Appleton-Century. $8.95.

THE WORLD CHANGERS. By Bruce Bliven. John Day. $6.50.

Law

FREEDOMS, COURTS, POLITICS: Studies in Civil Liberties. By Lucius J. Barker and Twiley W. Barker, Jr. Prentice-Hall. $9.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF AMERICAN LAW. Selected and edited by Charles M. Haar. Braziller. $8.50.

Literary Criticism

BEFORE JANE AUSTEN: The Shaping of the English Novel in the Eighteenth Century. By Harrison Steeves. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $8.50.

THE DIVINE COMEDY IN ENGLISH: A Critical Bibliography 1782-1900. By Gilbert F. Cunningham. Barnes & Noble. $6.75.

THE HALF-WORLD OF AMERICAN CULTURE: A Miscellany. By Carl Bode. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $5.50.

THE POETIC IMAGINATION OF GEORGES BERNANOS: An Essay in Interpretation. By Gerda Blumenthal. Johns Hopkins. $4.50.

RE-APPRAISALS: Some Commonsense Readings in American Literature. By Martin Green. Norton. $4.50.

SHELLEY. By George M. Ridenour. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.95.

SHELLEY'S PROMETHEUS UNBOUND: A Critical Study. By Earl R. Wasserman. Johns Hopkins. $5.50.

TRIALS OF THE WORLD: Essays in American Literature and the Humanistic Tradition. By R. W. B. Lewis. Yale Univ. Press. $6.50.

Miscellany

ADVICE FROM A FAILURE. By Jo Coudert. Stein & Day. $5.95.

DESIGNING AND DECORATING INTERIORS. By David B. Van Dommelen. Wiley. $9.95.

ELEGANT DECORATING ON A LIMITED BUDGET. By Jane Aston Reist. Macmillan. $3.95.

GUNS. By Dudley Pope. Delacorte. $20 to January 1; $22.50 thereafter.

HERBAL. By Joseph Wood Krutch. Putnam. $17.50 to January 1; $20 thereafter.

THE INTERNATIONAL LAW OF FISHERIES: A Framework for Policy-Oriented Inquiries. By Douglas M. Johnston. Yale Univ. Press. $12.50.

I'VE DECIDED I WANT MY SEAT BACK. By Bill Mauldin. Harper & Row. $3.95.

NATIONAL PARKS OF THE WEST. By the editors of Sunset Books. Lane. $9.95 to January 1; $11.75 thereafter.

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION. Narrative by Walter Karp. Smithsonian/American Heritage. $2.95.

THE SUNDAY GENTLEMAN. By Irving Wallace. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

WHEELS FOR A NATION. By Frank Donovan. Crowell. $6.95.

WORSER DAYS AND BETTER TIMES: A Treasury of Negro Folklore. By J. Mason Brewer. Quadrangle. $5.

Music

OLD ENGLISH INSTRUMENTS OF MUSIC. By Francis W. Galpin. Revised by Thurston Dart. Barnes & Noble. $15.

A PORTRAIT OF CARNEGIE HALL. By Theodore O. Cron and Burt Goldblatt. Macmillan. $9.95.

Personal History

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., 1835-1915: The Patrician at Bay. By Edward Chase Kirkland. Harvard Univ. Press. $5.95.

DIARY IN DUO. By Benoite and Flora Groult. Appleton-Century. $5.95.

A FAMILY ALBUM. By Rebekah Baines Johnson. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

IDOL OF THE WEST: The Fabulous Career of Rollin Mallory Daggett. By Francis Phelps Weisenburger. Syracuse Univ. Press. $6.95.

PANCHO VILLA. By William Douglas Lansford. Sherbourne. $6.50.

THE SCHWEITZER ALBUM. By Erica Anderson. Harper & Row. $14.95 to January 1; $17.50 thereafter.

SHADOW AND LIGHT: The Life, Friends and Opinions of Maurice Sterne. By Maurice Sterne. Edited by Charlotte Leon Mayerson. Harcourt, Brace & World. $8.50.

Philosophy, Religion

DECISION AND THE CONDITION OF MAN. By Paul W. Kurtz. Univ. of Washington Press. $6.75.

THE FALLIBLE MAN. By Paul Ricoeur. Regnery. $7.50.

THE IDENTITY OF MAN. By J. Bronowski. Natural History Press. $3.95.

MORAL DILEMMAS. By Gerald Vann. Doubleday. $4.50.

A STUDY IN SURVIVAL: The Church in Russia, 1927-1943. By William C. Fletcher. Macmillan. $4.95.

—Compiled by MIMI FRANKLIN.

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[Crib Notes from Paul Masson]

How to cheat at wine-tasting though blindfold

THE cheating occurs *before* you pour the wine; by elimination. Even with the blindfold labels you can tell quite a lot.

Aside from the obvious division into Red, White, and Rosé, there are three traditional bottles, depending on the wine type: Rhine-Moselle (tall and skinny), Claret (high-hipped), and Burgundy (the other one).

So, confronted by the above, for instance, you would know that the right bottle is either Paul Masson's California Pinot Chardonnay, Pinot Blanc, or Chablis; that at the left is one of our two Sauternes; that the center bottle is either our Emerald Dry, Rhine Castle, Riesling, or Rhine Wine.

Of course, beyond this point you will have to depend on your palate to tell you the delicious differences.

The same visual aids apply to our Reds and Rosés as well. Should you care to rush the cribbing season we will be happy to send you a form chart for all 14 Paul Masson table wines, together with the labels of each so you will know what to look for at the restaurant or wine store. Happy tasting, and don't try it on the same people twice.

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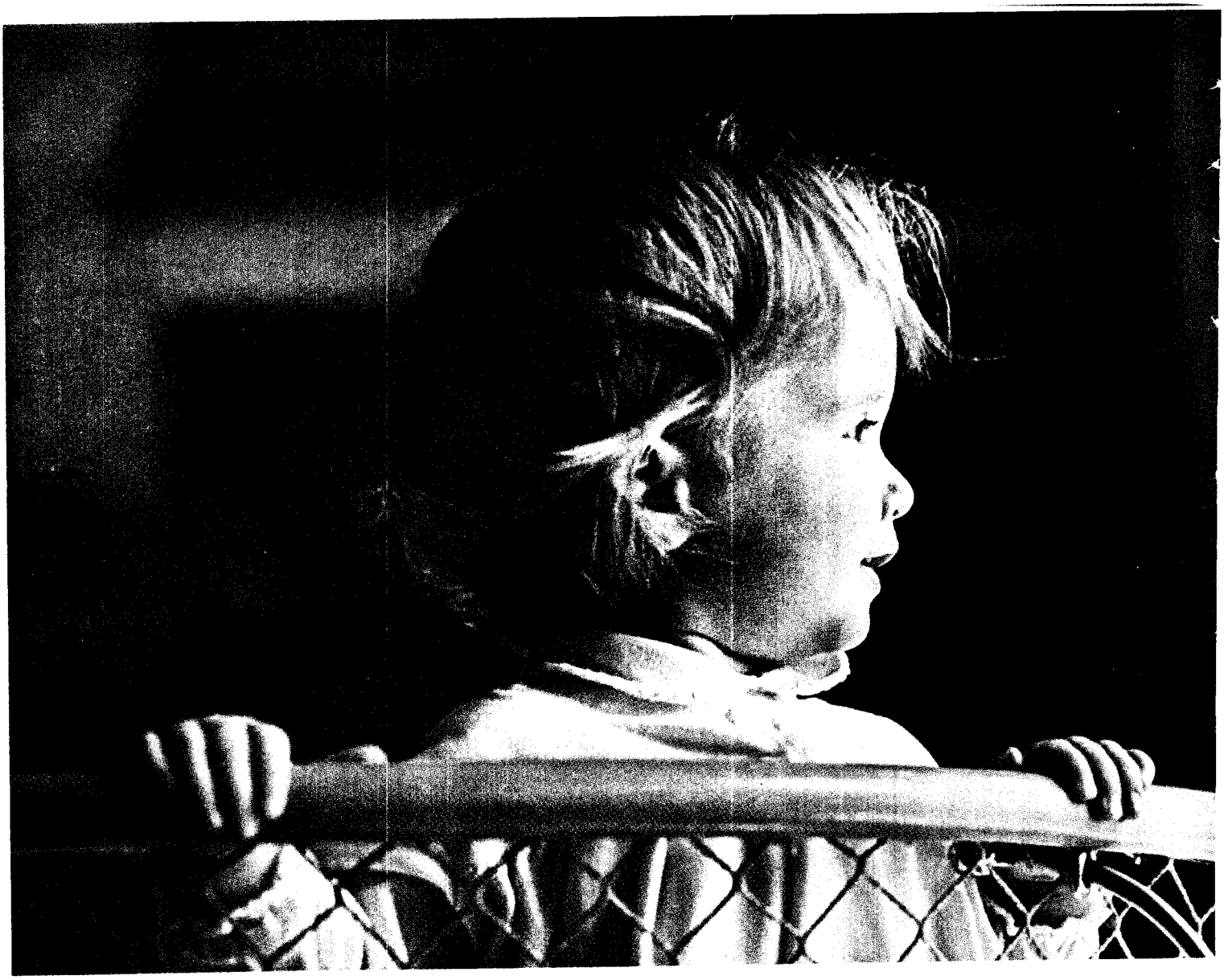
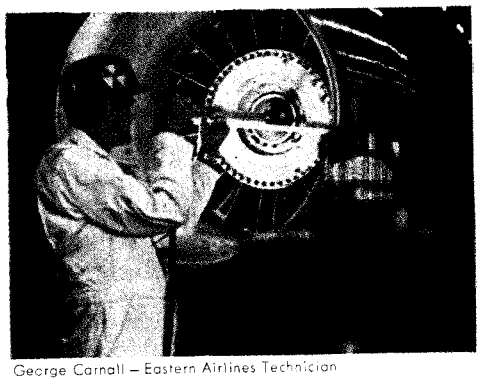


Why is there a nursery
in every Eastern Falcon Lounge?

For the same reason we use radioactive isotopes
to x-ray jet engines.



George Carnall – Eastern Airlines Technician

Why has Eastern introduced new comfort and convenience in air travel? Why have we developed new techniques in maintenance like our unique way of x-raying engines? Why Falcon Lounge nurseries? Why a system-wide computer that confirms reservations in a split second? Why curb-side baggage handling, Ground Hostesses and the Whisperjet?

For one reason: to make Eastern the finest airline you've ever flown on. And everything new we do becomes another way for us to say, "Thank

EASTERN

See how much better an airline can be

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Saturday Review
November 6, 1965

SOME THINGS I HAVE LEARNED

The most difficult task confronting a philosopher or historian, Charles A. Beard used to say, is to understand those things that have actually happened to him. But the world looks to its wise men not just to report on their observations of other men and other times but on the meaning of their own work and life. It is against this background that SR begins an occasional series of articles by some of the world's most eminent men in which they provide a summing-up of personal experiences and ideas. The first contributor to this series is the eminent theologian Reinhold Niebuhr.

By REINHOLD NIEBUHR

MY SEARCHINGS of memory, mind, and heart have made me aware of the contrast between the critical nature of my opinions and the conventional nature of my vocations. I hasten to add that the critical nature of my opinions was due to historical circumstances and not to peculiar or private insights.

My conventional vocations included a Protestant pastorate in Detroit in the beginning of my career, followed by more than four decades of teaching on the faculty of Union Theological Seminary in New York, an interdenominational Protestant school for the training of ministers, where I served from 1928 until my retirement in 1960.

The critical nature of my opinions was occasioned by the general revolt against the culture of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and early twentieth centuries, in short, against the culture of a bourgeois period in Western history. The Industrial Revolution, two world wars, and a world depression had served to challenge the individualism and optimism of this culture in its estimate of the moral capacities of men.

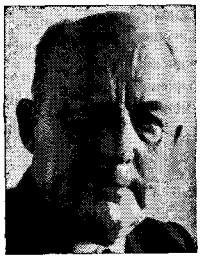
Protestant liberalism shared the optimism and individualism expressed in this bourgeois culture. These views were drawn from the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century dogmas of the perfectability of men. The secular element in the culture hoped that increasing rationality and the beneficent fruits of democratic institutions would change self-seeking behavior into a sense of responsibility for the welfare of one's neighbor. The religious element in the culture believed that religious norms and disciplines would transmute self-love into love of one's neighbor.

The whole of human history, however, refuted these illusory hopes. Men, according to the evidence of history, were driven both by self-regarding and by social impulses. But of the two, the first motive was undoubtedly dominant. Moreover, collective self-regard was revealed to be more powerful and persistent than individual egotism.

The new industrial civilization made these old facts about human nature more vivid, partly because its greater dynamism intensified class rivalries, which had been less obtrusive in agrarian feudalism. But this advance also meant that the industrial workers understood better than the peasants the nature of economic interests and the ideological elements in the moral explanations of the conflicts of these interests. The Marxist belief that the whole of history could be comprehended in the pattern of the class struggle was a dogmatic simplification of complex historical facts.

Obviously, collective self-regard was bound to defy the norms of pure love and disinterested reason. Men, acting in classes, races, and nations, might achieve a tolerable harmony with their fellows only by arbitrating their competitions by standards of discriminate justice, or by strategems that would discover the point of concurrence between the more parochial and the more universal interests.

My critical views of the old optimism and individualism were first induced by a radical variant of Protestant liberalism known as the social gospel. This movement may be described as a belated response of the Protestant conscience to the injustices of modern industry and to the moral irrelevancies of liberal norms to modern collective problems. I came under the influence of this movement in my graduate studies at Yale University. When I assumed my academic career thirteen years later, I found that this same movement was responsible for the



The Author: Few men have had as profound an influence on religious thought in twentieth-century America as Reinhold Niebuhr, a theologian who has consistently and persuasively viewed man's spiritual dilemmas in the context of his total role in modern civilization. From the start of his career as a clergyman in Detroit in the Twenties, to his position as elder statesman of Protestant theology today, he has never shrunk from opportunities to write about, speak about, and become involved in the issues of his times. Active throughout his life in social and political organizations, he has been a socialist, a pacifist, and vice-chairman of New York's Liberal Party, and has urged churchmen to take strong positions where social justice is concerned. Dr. Niebuhr is a graduate of Eden Theological Seminary and the Yale Divinity School and is the author of a number of books, among them *Moral Man and Immoral Society, Pious and Secular America, Christian Realism and Political Problems,* and *The Self and the Dramas of History.* He is currently professor emeritus at Union Theological Seminary in New York City and co-editor of the magazine *Christianity and Crisis.*

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redundant definition of the subject matter of my courses as "Christian Social Ethics." Could anyone doubt that moral theory must include social relations?

The social gospel supplied what had been lacking, the emphasis on social justice. Walter Rauschenbush and others had rediscovered the principles of social justice as preached by the Prophets and revered by both Jew and Christian.

Armed with this variant of Protestant liberalism, I completed my graduate studies at Yale and assumed the ministry of a small church in Detroit. The lessons I learned about religion among the saints and sinners in this my first and only pastorate must be postponed while I recount the lessons I learned in my first direct encounter with industry.

In 1915 Henry Ford had only recently performed the miracle of putting the nation on wheels, and the city of Detroit was burgeoning with a growing auto industry that used the methods of mass production. These methods required only semiskilled labor for most of the assembly line. Only a fraction of the labor force consisted of skilled toolmakers and diemakers. This new industrialism aggravated most of the problems of industrial justice it claimed to have cured. The pretended cure was quite simply a more benevolent distribution of the new wealth of mass production.

Henry Ford was the most plausible symbol of such benevolence. He combined mechanical genius with social and historical ignorance, and humanitarian and power impulses were compounded marvelously in his complex personality. His five-dollar-a-day wage created a worldwide reputation for humanitarianism. This wage, however, did not obscure the fact that his labor costs were shockingly low, or that his annual wage, with no compensation for enforced monthly lay-offs, did not match the annual wage of his hard-boiled competitors with their piece-work wages. Ford achieved such disproportionate symbolic significance in the education of a young parson because his moral pretensions were such shining examples of the ideological taint in all moral pretensions. Needless to say, when the Wagner Act finally gave industrial workers the right to organize and bargain collectively, they still had to fight for that right in bloody battles with the private police force of the benevolent autocrat.

The reaction to this industrial situation was more mixed in Detroit than in the rest of the nation. My particular concern was with the reactions of the churches. Fortunately, many religious leaders, in and out of Detroit, knew very well that social justice was a relevant norm for institutional relations.

The conventional Protestant churches, both liberal and orthodox, were completely irrelevant to the struggle for justice in the new industry. Their business was to help people lead respectable lives but not to interfere with the production of automobiles.

The liberal Protestants preached sacrificial love, which is a moral norm relevant to interpersonal (particularly family) relations, and significant for parents (particularly mothers, heroes, and saints), but scarcely applicable to the power relations of modern industry. Traditional Protestantism in America emphasized the economic virtues of diligence, honesty, and thrift. The implication was that the possession of these virtues, or their lack, was responsible for the disparity between wealth and poverty in modern industry. Unfortunately a moribund Calvinism contracted a strange alliance with Spencer's Social Darwinism. Therefore the comfortable classes could find religious or scientific reasons, or both, for not alleviating social distress in a sea of social discontent.

IT was one of the goals of radical Protestantism to rescue the honest souls in the Protestant community from this double-plated ideological shield of moral complacency. Since this is the story of American culture from a viewpoint of a critical clerical observer, it may be worth recording that the Detroit situation was typical of industrial America in the early twentieth century. The Protestants, as a class of industrial owners, were most in need of, but actually were most bereft of, moral norms relevant to their place in the scheme of things in industry. Their labor force in the growing industry was composed, on the whole, of Jewish and Catholic immigrants.

The Jews had a social ethic inherited from the prophets and the traditions of the rabbis. The Catholic social norms were consistently misunderstood by non-Catholics, secular or religious. These norms were in fact involved in a long and complex history. When the church conquered, and was conquered by, the Roman Empire, it had incorporated the classical standards of natural law and consigned the perfectionist impulses of Messianism to the category of "counsels of perfection," to be observed by the ascetics. The metaphysical base of natural-law standards made them rather too inflexible. But this did not prevent the gradual displacement of early Stoic equalitarianism by Aristotle's justification of social inequality. The standards of natural law thus provided ideological instruments for later feudalism.

The inflexibility of the social standards and their justification of a feudal culture made them old wine-skins incapable of containing the new wine of modern life. The new forces, which could not be accommodated in the old norms, consisted of the rising nations, a growing commerce, an enlarged bourgeois class, and its insistence on the franchise of open societies. When the Reformation and the Renaissance ruined the imposing temple of medieval culture, it seemed logical to dismiss all medieval social standards.

But the church survived as a religious institution. It later showed that it could relate itself creatively to the problems of technical civilization. It was able to preserve its insight displayed in feudal ages into the social substance of human existence. Meanwhile it revealed that when industrial workers rather than feudal lords were its clients, standards of justice according to natural law had quite a different savor. Modern Catholicism of the West had, compared with its medieval past, illustrated the lesson I was gradually learning. It was that the intimate relation between ideals and interests makes for curious transformations of moral norms into ideologies—and vice versa.

My Detroit experience contained one more lesson about the collective behavior of men. Race riots broke out after the First World War as a result of the immigration of both Negroes and Southern whites to the auto industry. The mayor appointed a race commission, of which I became chairman. We conducted the usual survey of housing and employment opportunities for the Negro minority. Our recommendations undoubtedly would seem elementary in the light of the present racial crisis. But as chairman I learned that the pride of a racial majority can be a greater hazard of justice than the economic motives that had preoccupied me so long.

The next lesson about the collective problems of human communities I learned after I left Detroit in 1928. The whole period of the long armistice between the two world wars showed the brutal facts of international relations. These had to be digested, not with the help of religious and national traditions, but in defiance of them.

Any intelligent student of history might have known, for instance, that while force can be only a minimum component of political power and authority in the domestic life of democratic nations, even the most democratic nations are bound to resort to maximal force in their relations to other nations, and this for both good and bad reasons. The problem of proper moral norms for legally autonomous nations has been long unsolved, though secular and religious pacifists claimed a solution by ruling out force in international relations. This perfectionist solution seems highly irrelevant because it would attempt to persuade, through love or reason, the most unlikely candidates for moral redemption.

My lesson about the moral norms proper for sovereign nations contra-

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dicted two of my cherished traditions, religious and national. The religious tradition of the social gospel was, for all its realism in domestic politics, pacifist and perfectionist in its attitude toward the international problem. Our own nation was, of course, not consistently pacifist. But from Jefferson to Wilson the illusion persisted in our national life that only monarchies were prone to military ventures.

The First World War shattered the security of a nation with its ocean moats, but it accentuated our sense of innocence, partly because President Woodrow Wilson was under the illusion that we were "the most unselfish nation on earth." But our conscience was both aroused and eased because the German military policy was unusually ruthless by the standards of a pre-nuclear age. The British conscience was outraged by the violation of Belgium's neutrality. Our conscience was aroused by the inhumanities of Germany's unrestricted submarine attack upon our ships.

Thus we had moral reasons for entering the conflict which even a reluctant Wilson could not disregard. When we entered the war, Wilson immediately proclaimed an ideal, rather than the real, reason for our participation. It was a crusade, "a war to make the world safe for democracy." All idealists, including myself, of course, were satisfied—and engaged in war efforts with passion.

The sorry realities of the draconic peace of Versailles naturally disappointed all idealists and revealed the moral ambiguities in the designs of even the most democratic nations. Wilson had one more arrow in the quiver of his idealism: the League of Nations. This was expected both to correct the obvious injustices of the Versailles peace, and to beguile a hitherto irresponsible nation into accepting responsibility for keeping peace.

The nationalists, suspecting Wilson's idealism, charged that the League did not properly guard our own national interest. It proved impossible to submit their indictment to the test of history, because the charge was sufficient to prompt the nation to reject the League. The rejection broke the heart of a dying President. It also tore off the only fig leaf, and exposed the naked political realities of the Versailles peace.

Since the reaction of the whole nation was more important than that of the minority, though intimately related to it, we must pause only long enough in recounting the well-known history of our nation in the long armistice between the two world wars to confess that I postponed the learning of a much-needed lesson about the structure of nations, and about the moral norms appropriate to the field of international relations, by joining the pacifist Fellowship of Reconciliation and swearing that we would never, never have recourse to military force again.

The reaction of the whole nation was important because it represented the anxiety of a whole community to postpone learning the lessons suggested by a strange experience. It was dumped out of its cradle of continental security by the storms and tumults of a budding "community of nations." Its response was an almost neurotic neutralism.

We were, of course, rudely awakened from this sleep of adolescent daydreaming by the rise of the Nazi peril in Europe.

OUR initial reaction to this peril was an "America First" movement, with two incompatible partners. The nationalist partners wanted to preserve our neutrality because our security was not directly imperiled. The perfectionist partners wanted to guard our neutrality because they were under the curious illusion that abstention from overt conflict would guard our previous innocence. This conviction implied, of course, that an irresponsible complacency about evils, remote from our lives, was not a violation of a law that enjoined responsibility for the neighbor's welfare.

I found this perfectionist reaction so revealing and its complacent partnership with national egoism so dishonest that my reaction induced a crisis in my life. It was a crisis because I had come belatedly to realize that the "idealism" of both my religious and national traditions had failed me in the process of learning. They prevented me from seeing an obvious fact about man's collective behavior, particularly as it expressed itself in the behavior of sovereign nations. In short, both traditions had deluded themselves about the power and persistence of collective self-regard.

The attack on Pearl Harbor ended our shivering indecision about a war in which our destiny as an hegemonous nation in a nuclear age was proved to be involved. My own reaction is unimportant, except as part of the record of what I have learned from life. I resigned both from the pacifist organization and from the Socialist Party. I helped to found a Protestant journal to challenge the pervasive pacifism of liberal Protestants. I also cooperated in founding an interventionist organization, Americans for Democratic Action, whose purpose was to challenge the neutralism of the various social forces, agrarian and labor, that first brought Roosevelt to power.

I can only add that the peace after the Second World War may have been even more disappointing than the Versailles peace. But the nation did not revert to irresponsibility. Its hegemonous power had taught it that power means responsibility. Our new sense of responsibility was immediately tested when the Communist and democratic allies, responsible for the defeat of Nazism, revealed the brevity of wartime alliances.

Events have moved swiftly in the quarter-century of the cold war. The destructive power of the new weapons has obviously made nuclear warfare suicidal and therefore unreasonable. But the new situation did not eliminate other contests of power. We were in fact engaged in a tremendous contest between two blocs of nations. The one, the so-called free world, had its core in the culture of Western European bour-

"You know what I like about you, Murray, you're five years older than I."

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geois democracy. We were the hegemonous nation in that bloc. The other comprised what was in fact a new culture, rooted in a utopian religio-political dogma. The USSR was both the hegemonous and the holy nation of that bloc.

The present period, beginning with the limited test ban agreement between the USSR and the USA, may represent a new achievement and challenge in the age-old problem of enlarging political authority to a universal community. It may initiate a partnership of mutual responsibility for the avoidance of a nuclear catastrophe. In that case it may herald the slow growth of a center of political authority, equipped with the necessary instruments of prestige, power, and force, that abstract world constitutions lack.

But this budding hope represents more of a challenge than an achievement for the moral imagination of mankind. The bridge is built across a deep ideological chasm. We must determine whether the chasm can be bridged, even if one element in it is the non-negotiable value of an open society. It survived in the West precisely because it vindicated itself by conquering the social injustices of early nineteenth-century industrialism. It thus refuted the Marxist indictment that political institutions were merely the stooges of economic power. The Communist rebellion therefore proposed the socialization of all property as a solution for all social ills. The dogma, despite its absurdity, unleashed social forces that enabled a feudal-monarchial and agrarian culture to achieve both technical competence and industrial equipment in a brief period.

The polemics of the cold war could easily be modified if the new partnership were important enough. The Russian polemics against Western democracy relied on nineteenth-century evils long since eliminated. Our polemics against the Communist system as a "despotism" relied on the more recent, but also eliminated, evils of Stalin's period.

Even the gradual elimination of these polemical falsities cannot hide the difference between an oligarchic system, sworn to uphold a dogma upon which its whole culture is founded, and an open and pluralistic culture, presumably hospitable to all dogmas and viewpoints. Russia is not a budding democracy, but the seeds of freedom may well be sown in the rivalries of its competitive oligarchies, political, managerial, and military.

Meanwhile the necessities of a technical civilization have modified both the "free enterprise" and the collectivist dogmas. The Russians are forced to obviate the capricious bureaucratic decisions by allowing their industries to seek profit by their own enterprise. We, on the other hand, are forced to establish more and more control by the state.

Should we be tempted by a too optimistic hope for this prospective center of world order, it is well to remember that history gives us no warrant for assuming that the resolution of ideological differences will eliminate conflicts of power.

THE emergence of China as a great, and potentially nuclear, power is an even more vivid challenge to our moral and political imagination, reminding us that history constantly presents moral problems to nations, despite their limited moral capacities. In this case the challenge obviously reminds us that a world authority, based on the partnership of two technically competent and white, affluent nations, will be hard put to yield justice to a group of nations that have the common characteristics of color, technical backwardness, and poverty. China seems determined to lead this bloc of nations. The revolutionary creed it shares with Russia is an aid rather than a handicap in its contest with Russia. For China simply presents a more radical version of the common creed, and accuses the Russians of possessing a complacent and bourgeois version of Communism. Since Russia is bound to be more interested in preserving its great gains than in exporting revolutions, the Chinese are quite ready to supply the need for revolutionary zeal. They are exporting revolution everywhere in Asia, Africa, and Latin America.

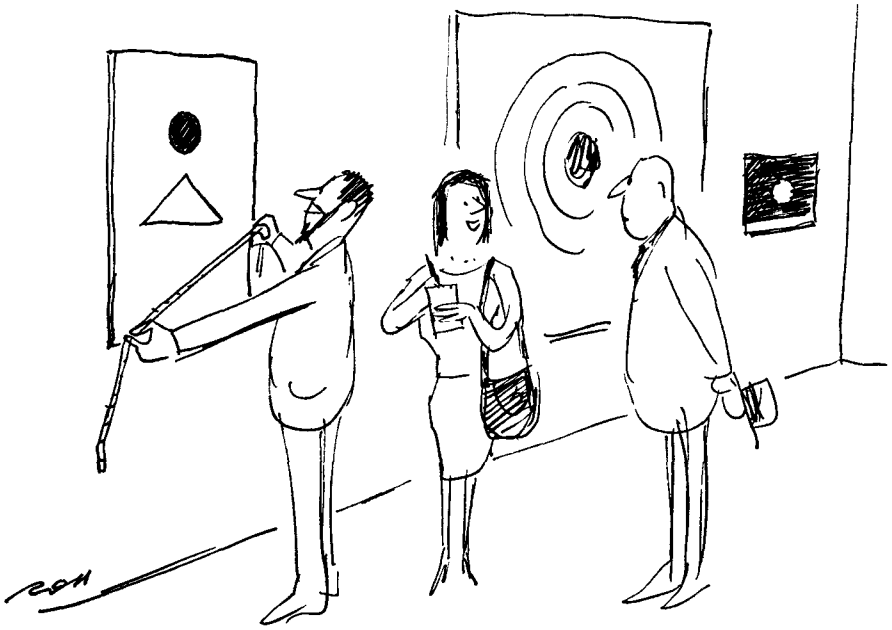
Their zeal may be fraught with the peril of revolutionary chaos. But this peril will merely remind us of a perennial problem of the political order. Communities, both parochial and international, are bound to place order first in their hierarchy of values. But justice comes as a quick second in the political hierarchy, because unsatisfied desires are bound to challenge every order, whatever may be its prestige, power, or force. The growing tension between the colored and poor nations and the white and affluent nations may serve to remind us that historical development tends to present perennial social and moral problems in higher and higher dimensions. This may also disclose that seemingly permanent ideological differences are as ephemeral as the contests that inspired them. In short, we cannot escape the moral problems of the international order, provided we understand that the morals of sovereign nations have a distinct and unique anatomy.

The dimension of this new problem of order and justice may tax both our imagination and our institutions to such a degree that the avoidance of a nuclear conflict in the next half-century seems highly improbable. Such avoidance could be achieved only if the two giant nuclear powers possessed an imagination, not usual in the history of statecraft.

Ironically enough, the American illusion of omnipotence might shatter the nuclear peace even more than the illusions of a closed dogmatic society. It might tempt us to contain the age-old Chinese penetration of the Asian continent by pure military force, even though our policy would serve only to give one Communist adversary, Russia, an advantage over the other, China, in their inevitable contest over supremacy in Asia.

I must conclude my report on the lessons life has taught me by an account of what I learned about religion. I acknowledged earlier that my calling either as minister or as professor was

(*Continued on page 63*)



"We like it so much, we're making one for ourselves."

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THE LITERARY LIFE IN LAS VEGAS

There's No Biz Like the Book Biz

By ARTHUR KNIGHT

A YEAR or so ago, when Dr. Paul Weiss, the Sterling Professor of Philosophy at Yale, was giving a course in religion at USC, not far from my home, we took a trip together to Las Vegas, the gambling oasis in Nevada's desert. I thought it only proper that he see at first hand what Sodom and Gomorrah really looked like. I was more than ordinarily intrigued, therefore, when recently I received an invitation to return to Las Vegas to attend, of all things, a literary tea in honor of Allan Sherman and his new book, *The Gift of Laughter*. (Of course, the announced hour was a bit unusual—1:30 A.M., following Mr. Sherman's last show at The Sands, where he is currently appearing; but this was later changed to a more conventional five o'clock, primarily for the convenience of some University of Nevada English professors whose educational activities precluded nocturnal prowling. (As it turned out, only one, a Dr. Charles Adams, showed up anyway.)

The plan was to have Mr. Sherman interviewed by a panel of four of the chorines at The Sands, all of whom had received advance copies of the book. And as *this* turned out, only two, Jan Tate and Georgeanna Davis, were able to make it. Sherman had neglected to invite the club's choreographer to his shindig, so she chose that hour for a special rehearsal of the line. Suki Winters, a speed-reading expert, was summoned as a last-minute substitute. Actually, an air of desperate improvisation hung over the entire proceedings. Since The Sands is undergoing extensive alterations, its Emerald Room, the scene of the "tea," was reached by an uncompleted flight of stairs and a series of makeshift corridors, all decorated with hastily flung up photos of our host and penciled arrows below. And the tea itself proved to be pink champagne (domestic). Mr. Sherman's harried publicist said that he had asked for tea in vain—the hotel made more profit on champagne.

After making a preliminary round of the tables, at which he discussed such literary matters as relative book sales in New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles, and how well showbiz books went in general, Mr. Sherman was introduced—without need of microphone—by Jack Carter, a stentorian-voiced fellow comedian appearing at another hotel farther up the Strip. Carter called this "the first major literary tea in Las Vegas" (to differentiate it from another, "minor" literary tea that had been held a few years earlier at the local country club), and went on to describe *The Gift of Laughter* as "the most exposed show business book of the last decade." Whereupon he exited and the author, a stubby, bespectacled young man looking a bit like a pocket-sized version of Zero Mostel, took over the dais, flanked by his attractive trio of "critics."

Miss Winters, speaking first, seemed equally anxious to praise the book and to demonstrate the virtues of speed-reading, referring to such images as "limp noodles" and "congealed beef Stroganoff" as examples of Sherman's literary prowess, and praising his "masterful hyperbole." The Misses Tate and Davis seized on other, more pragmatic virtues. "The book made a star seem just like everybody else. It humanized him," said one. "It showed that somebody can still become a star overnight. It holds out hope," said the other. When she pointed out that he had italicized the main thoughts in the book so that they stood out from the funny stories and the purely autobiographical details, Mr. Sherman modestly admitted that he had gotten the idea from Dos Passos.

Then came questions from the floor. Why had he written the book? "Somebody from the publishing house waved a very large check." (Actually, he went on, the book ended up costing *him* money. He had worked on it personally for almost two and a half years; but out-of-pocket expenses for Kelly Girl and Minute Maid typists more than wiped out his advance.) Wasn't thirty-eight a little too young for writing an autobiography? "Not if you think you have something to say. Some people should never write an autobiography." Is there a movie in the book? "Yes, and I want to play about six roles in it. But I want Dick Van Dyke to play Alan Sherman."

On a more serious note, he confessed his hope that the book would be reviewed by literary critics, not by entertainment editors who would write a parody and sign it *Sarah Jackman*. "I admit that when I began writing the book I didn't know what I was doing," he said. "I put into it everything I could think of. But I was honest. And gradually I actually began to discover a pattern in my life, a pattern that grows out of my way of looking at things. It's made my life fun, even during the roughest times. That's what I really want to get across to my readers."

The "tea" was over. An hour later, Alan Sherman was on stage at The Sands supper club, beaming and belting his familiar cockeyed parodies at an audience that had switched to the hard stuff. Without question, his "way of looking at things" in this form was getting across.

In a Williamsburg Backyard

By Edward Kessler

WE know it's summer by the visitors
Swarming on our reconstructed world.
Under the favorable sun, they make
Time count, inspecting monuments,
Colonial sights settling into place
On film to brighten up a night back home.
Farthingales will grace their winter dreams.

Tired of our trips, each tired return,
And all but local hungerings,
We pose for pictures from the past,
Until the stage-light dims to dusk.
Then by the arbor's private shade,
Drinking vacation, we watch the last
Swallow elude the limits of town.

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Back to the Fundamentals

QUESTION for today's class in contemporary civilization: What is it that man makes or grows or processes more of than anything else in the world?

Is it iron or steel or any other metal? No.

Is it brick or mortar or any other material for his shelters or edifices or monuments? No.

Is it grain or wheat or anything he needs to sustain life? No.

The product in greatest abundance made by man is explosive, obliterative force. It takes the form of fission and fusion bombs of varying sizes and potencies. They have been accumulating in man's storehouses and are primed for instant use. These explosives represent the destructive equivalent of 100,000,000,000,000 pounds of TNT. This comes to 28,000 pounds of explosive force for every human being now alive. All the foods and medicines and books and clothes in the world put together do not amount to 28,000 pounds per person, nor even a substantial fraction of it.

Question: Where is all this force located?

It is located at present in the United States, the Soviet Union, France, Britain, and China. Within a few years, this power élite will be expanded to a dozen nations or more. At that time, the holocaust-making potential may exceed the destructive equivalent of 50,000 pounds of TNT for every person on earth. Not all the men who will have access to this power will have profound convictions about the infinite value of the individual, or about the preciousness of life in general, or about the ease with which the membranes of civilization can be ripped wide apart. Some of the men who will be in a position to start the chain reaction will be fretful, puny, impulsive, overweening. They will differ from their historical predecessors solely in the absence of any limits to their malevolent capacities. The gap between human evil and human power will be closed.

Question: What would happen if all the nations possessing nuclear explosives should let them all fly?

In such a case, the earth's atmosphere would become drenched with radioactive charges, invading the human germ plasm, poisoning crops, soil, and streams, and unhinging the vital conditions of life itself. This would mean that the peoples of the warring nations would not have been at war solely against each other. They would have been at war against the whole of the human race and, indeed, against the life environment.

Question: Isn't there any way the belligerent nations could confine the effects of their radioactive exchange to their own territories, thus sparing hundreds of millions of people with whom they have no quarrel?

Nuclear warfare converts the entire globe into a single battlefield. At one time, soldier was pitted against soldier. Slowly, over centuries, the circle broadened. By the time of the Second World War, whole cities of the warring nations were under total attack from the air. In a nuclear war, only two nations may be directly involved, but their victims will be worldwide. The worst suffering of all will be inflicted on generations yet unborn.

Question: Isn't the fact of overwhelming retaliation a sufficient deterrent to an aggressor nuclear nation?

It might actually be an incentive. Never before has a potential aggressor been in a position to use weapons that combine total power with total surprise. While the aggressor can never be certain he has hit all the vital targets, he knows he can hit enough of them to obtain a critical advantage.

Question: How can a nation that has been hit in a surprise nuclear attack be sure where the attack came from?

It can't.

Question: This being the case, shouldn't all other issues give way to this one? Why doesn't everyone drop everything he is doing and address himself to this problem?

That would seem to be the great unanswered question of the twentieth century.

Question: If the men at the head of the nations are not to be expected to take the initiative in bringing nuclear weapons under control and in creating the machinery of world law that alone can provide for a common security, where is one to look?

In the mirror. The ultimate responsibility for good or evil rests with the individual. The things that animate him and disturb him are transferable to the group and to government. Public opinion is the accumulation and expression of individual concerns. So long as the individual allows himself to be preoccupied by personal or national irrelevancies, he will make no contribution to his personal or the national survival. The educator who prides himself on the advanced learning he imparts to students is actually a purveyor of gross illiteracy if he transmits no awareness of the danger of world anarchy or the means by which it can be eliminated. The scientist who stands tall in his profession is actually a pygmy if he takes no responsibility for what he makes. The titan of industry who presides over efficient and high production is no more than a transient spectator to the demolition of his industry if he fails to comprehend the implications of a world without law.

The biggest lesson of all to be learned about contemporary civilization is that nothing anyone is doing today makes any sense unless it is connected to the making of a genuine peace. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Appalachia's Lesson

JACK E. WELLER in his article "Is There a Future for Yesterday's People?" [*SR*, Oct. 16] has shown deep insight into the reasons for the resistance of the mountain people to becoming a part of the great American culture. It is obvious that he likes these people and wants to help them. However, he overlooks what a pastor should not miss: their truly Christian attitude shown by putting spiritual value above material value.

These people, he says, "are squarely at odds with much that makes the American economic and cultural machine operate." "Their 'closed door' attitude is in stark contrast to the over-all American 'open door' society of almost unlimited opportunity."

He sees the basic problem as one of getting Appalachia to become a part of the great American culture. Along with sociologists and educators, he has put the emphasis upon getting people to adjust to society, with never a thought of looking critically at the standard of values of the society. The peoples of Appalachia, and other groups standing off from the main currents of American life, might well say to us (if they weren't so polite), "No, thank you. We don't like your foul air, your dirty water, your noise and confusion and your 'live-to-work' philosophy."

We need pastors who will set new goals before us all, including the mountain-people, goals for a truly great America that can learn some lessons from simpler societies. The only limitless opportunities left in this "closed door" of smug American complacency are the opportunities to acquire wisdom and to grow spiritually.

CORA CHASE.

Vaughn, Wash.

IN HIS REPORT on Appalachia, Jack E. Weller says of the mountaineer: "Work . . . is subordinate to life," and he is "people-oriented." But instead of proposing to "temper" only the negative aspects of these attitudes (clearly, there are some), he seems to wish to "object-orient" these people so that they will be able to function in today's civilization. In view of warning after warning that to cope with tomorrow's civilization we will have to subordinate work to life, it seems that these mountaineers could easily be tomorrow's civilized people. By rehabilitating them to function in a technological society, are we possibly in danger of losing a subculture that could be valuable tomorrow?

TERESA WHITE.

Buchanan, Mich.

Save Our Farmers' Daughters!

CLEVELAND AMORY in his column of September 4 bemoans the fact that farmers' daughters are disappearing in America, and proposes several government and home-grown programs for preserving and increasing the supply.

I agree with him, except that I'm not sure that the supply is dwindling as fast as he claims. After all, the research he discusses was done on Long Island, and that brand of farmers' daughters always did have dubious distinction until they moved into the suburbs.

"It seems to me they should have some proper adult supervision."

In my youth I toured Brown County, Ohio, viewing and tasting many varieties of farmers' daughters and I found them to be the sweetest kissing, most wholesomely blushing, quickest ripening, roundest, firmest, and most durable examples of womanhood anywhere. Even though their charms were in great demand (it is a myth that they had never been kissed), their demeanor didn't advertise it and they were adept at making a prospective owner believe that they blushed true in a fresh, morning sun. I acquired one of the farmers' daughters from the 1933 planting around Ripley, Ohio, and it has proven to be a fine specimen, hardy and productive. Even though my three daughters undoubtedly will not qualify as genuine farm products, I hate to think that my two sons will be unable to obtain wives who fall into that category. No product of land or factory can be depended upon so to grace a home, to produce and raise a substantial crop of seedlings, to make a man want to hang around the house and the dinner table.

No farmers' daughters? It is difficult to imagine a world without them. They are a breed apart, not at all like the hothouse brands so common on the market today. It is not that the window-ripened products of our metropolitan areas are not women; that is easily seen although it is evident that some grafting and artificial controls contribute to the illusion. But they usually look bruised, especially around the eyes, and they lack the lustrous skins that mark a healthy and well-developed fruit.

The farmers' daughters I know have softer flesh upon more solid substructures than anything I see at the shopping center these days. They also have great lasting qualities. Like fine silver, they wear well.

So I join Mr. Amory: Save Our Farmers' Daughters. If they are disappearing, let's all get behind an effort to save them. Even if we have to impose rigorous controls upon their distribution, it will be better than having a few wealthy and unappreciative collectors take them up merely for speculation and not for their innate quality.

WILLIAM W. WAYSON.

Syracuse, N.Y.

Private Enterprise

THREE CHEERS and a bucket of bird seed to John Ciardi! His damnation of the pigeon in his column of October 16 came to me like a breath of pigeon-free air. I spend a lot of time in a small, one-windowed (minus screen) room, grading students' papers, and I can say with some authority that pigeons have no respect for one's desk or for spotless student essays lying atop the desk.

If Mr. Ciardi decides to turn inventor, tell him that "some goo/spread on a ledge" will indeed not discourage the pigeon; I have tried the "goo" (we call it "Tanglefoot"), but it tangled no feet that I know of—only leaves and a few feathers. In desperation I devised a gimmick that I call a *Pidg-Rid* (patent not pending). It is a piece of paper about thirty inches wide and eight inches deep, with finger-sized strips cut upward from the bottom. When taped onto a raised window, the strips flutter and keep the pigeons away.

Since I have used the *Pidg-Rid*, I have not had a single student essay scored by a pigeon.

WILLIAM KLOEFKORN,
Assistant Professor of English,
Nebraska Wesleyan University.

Lincoln, Neb.

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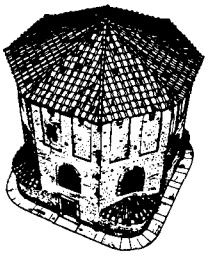

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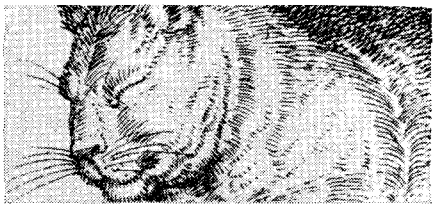

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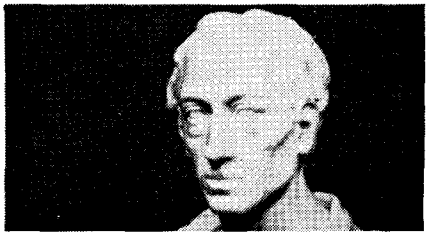

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LITERARY HORIZONS

No Eden on the Amazon

PETER MATTHIESSEN began his literary career in 1954 with *Race Rock*, a novel about young people in the postwar world, not particularly original in theme but striking in execution. Then came a different kind of novel, *Partisans*, about Communists in France,which was followed by a brilliant study of an evil man, *Raditzer* (*SR*, Jan. 28, 1961). Matthiessen has also had a career as a writer about distant wildernesses, having published a book on South America, *The Cloud Forest*, and one on New Zealand, *Under the Mountain Wall*.

With *At Play in the Fields of the Lord* (Viking, $5.95) he returns to the novel, but makes use of one of the foreign settings he has known, the Amazon jungle. His evocation of the jungle is powerful, but no more remarkable than his insight into the people he portrays. He tells a fascinating story, and tells it well.

The novel brings together an astonishing assortment of characters in a wretched little settlement called Madre de Dios. ("Madre de Dios, already in view, formed a yellow scar in the green waste. With its litter of rust and rotting thatch and mud, the capital of Oriente State resembled a great trash heap, smoking sullenly in the monotony of rivers.") There are two pairs of missionaries: Martin and Hazel Quarrier with an eight-year-old son, Billy, and Leslie and Andy Huben. There are two adventurers from the United States, Wolfie and Moon. There is the prefect of Oriente State, Commandante Rufino Guzmán, and there is a priest, Father Xantes.

The Quarriers, who are just arriving, have come from their native North Dakota to support the Hubens in their attempt to establish a mission among the savage Niaruna. Hazel hates the jungle from her first glimpse: "Why have we come here?" she cried silently. "What am I doing in this awful place?" As time passes, her hatred grows: the stenches, the filth, the insects, the snakes, the immorality of the natives. All the missionaries suffer, but to Hazel every discomfort is a personal affront.

Her husband is a different sort. Unprepossessing in appearance and manner—unlike his handsome associate, Leslie Huben—he is thoughtful, considerate, and courageous. Moon, one of the adventurers, says of him, "He's all right.... He's better than most of them; at least he's not stupid." The other adventurer counters, "He's not, huh? You mean he just *looks* stupid. He just *acts* stupid." But Moon is right. Zealous as he is about the faith in which he was raised, Quarrier respects the Indians with whom he works and takes a sympathetic interest in their religion. Huben, who was a salesman before he was converted, is still a salesman, and a not altogether scrupulous one, but Quarrier is a man of depth. He needs all the resources he can summon up, for his wife becomes less and less bearable; in the meantime he has fallen in love with Andy Huben and is struggling against his guilty—and, of course, unconfessed—passion.

Of the two adventurers, Moon is the more important; in fact, he and Quarrier are the novel's principal characters. Moon, who is by some fraction of blood a North American Indian, has been constantly on the move: " . . . he had not found what he was looking for, nor come closer to discovering what it was." Wolfie, his partner in various criminal enterprises, is the more vocal of the two, but Moon is the leader. When Moon abruptly vanishes after a quarrel, Wolfie waits wistfully for his return.

Before he leaves Madre de Dios, Moon intoxicates himself on a native drug—his delirium is magnificently presented—and then sets off in the partnership's plane, which he abandons, landing by parachute among the Niaruna. They accept him, though not without misgivings, and he willingly adopts their ways. Through his eyes, we see the Indians as they see themselves. The chief says to Moon: "Listen! . . . We have our river and our forest, we have fish and birds and animals to eat, and Witu'mai has taught us to grow manioc! Surely we are living in a golden time!" Matthiessen continues: "This speech so tickled Moon that he laughed aloud, sharing Boronai's happiness; he laughed at the extraordinary experience which had befallen him—the *perceiving*, through the Indians, of a wilderness which heretofore had seemed to him a malevolent nether world, poisonous and stagnated, miasmal."

During his stay with the Niaruna, Moon loses some of the detachment that has marked his life. On the one hand, he identifies himself up to a point with the tribesmen, even dreaming of leading a great federation of jungle Indians, strong enough to hold off the white people indefinitely. On the other hand, he cannot free himself from a sense of responsibility towards the missionaries, and he does for them what he can. Ambivalent, confused, he is destined to defeat.

With the exception of Leslie Huben, who remains incorrigibly insensitive, the

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characters are all deeply affected by the strange events that take place at the Niaruna Station. Andy Huben is changed, not only in her attitude towards her husband but also in her attitude towards religion. When she finds Father Xantes praying for Moon, she asks him why, since Moon was opposed to all churches. He replies, "Do not be unquiet, my child. Let me say that I was drawn to Señor Moon, who was plagued by my own troublesome search for knowledge, and that—while he was certainly very hostile to the Church—I did not feel that he was an unreligious man." She asks him if *he* truly believes.

> He took both her hands in his. "My child, is that a question or a confession?" He bent his head when her tears came. "I do." He lifted his surplice with his fingertips, as if in proof, then dropped it again, shutting his eyes on the glisten of his tears. "I love the Church," he whispered. "And . . . a man like myself . . . I need it, you see . . . I need it."

It is this firm but subtle evocation of strong feeling that gives Matthiessen's book its power over the imagination. Here, in an appallingly strange setting, he sets his drama of familiar aspirations and disappointments. Looking at his wife's misery, Quarrier thinks: "That huge bafflement was the inescapable affliction; he had seen it on every face he knew. . . . At moments, stunned and groggy at the hands of life, even the hardest face looked innocent: *Where has life gone? What will become of me?*" It is with nothing less than inescapable afflictions that Matthiessen is concerned.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1161

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1161 will be found in the next issue.

QCRXGZIP CR G EMPGX KMJ-

NJXPM JD GQNCMGXCJZ.

QPZCR QCQPMJX

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1160

Every time I hear the word sugar I get a lump in my throat.
—Groucho Marx.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Insight or Prejudice?

I do not remember a review as breathtakingly insightful as that of Ernest R. May of Dwight D. Eisenhower's *Waging Peace: 1956-1961* [SR, Oct. 16]. Professor May neither summarized the book, so that a reader may know its contents at first glance; nor rebuked the author for not writing the kind of a book the reviewer feels should have been written. Instead, Professor May studied the volume he undertook to evaluate, with obvious care and thoroughness, and distilled out of his reading of it the manner of the man who had written it and was its hero, and the particular attributes of character and personality with which he exercised the leadership that was his at a significant juncture in the history of our times. Professor May read with fairness what was writ but not published between the lines as well as what was obscured by what had been both written and published. His was a masterly analysis that must have excited many readers who read not out of a partisan bias but out of a desire to know and understand the nature of contemporary leaders and forces.

If there was a Pulitzer Prize for the single best review of the year, Professor May would definitely receive it.

Rabbi Morris Adler.

Southfield, Mich.

Any critical value your review of *Waging Peace* may have had is certainly lost in light of the reviewer's overwhelming prejudice against Eisenhower. If the childish Professor May wants to *hate* somebody, may I suggest there are far more logical candidates than a courageous and honorable man whose record of service to his country is without parallel.

Mrs. Paul J. Gaylor.

Madison, Wis.

The Pleasures of Sade

M. Grey takes me to task [*SR*, Letters to Book Review Editor, Oct. 16] for labeling the Marquis de Sade a sodomite [*SR*, Sept. 11]. Sade, alleges M. Grey, "was a bisexual and not a sodomite." Not so. He was what I implied: a bisexual sodomite. Let M. Grey reread Sade's works and then verify the term in his Oxford or Webster. There is an alternate way of defining the Marquis de Sade which might confound the lexicographers, but would be familiar to denizens of southwest Greenwich Village: an AC-DC bugger addicted to gang bangs.

R. J. Clements.

New York, N.Y.

Alienated by Indexes?

In his review of my *The Great Shakespeare Forgery* [*SR*, Oct. 23] Harry T. Moore deplores the lack of an index. I do too. The fact is that I not only offered to supply one but also had ready some dozen pages of reference footnotes for the appendix, for the convenience of scholars. But the then-editor at my publisher's, as well as the editor at Heinemann's in England, insisted that both would alienate the general reader. . . . It would be interesting and instructive to hear from the "general reader" how *he* feels about indices and reference notes.

Bernard Grebanier.

New York, N.Y.

The Herzog in Us

Perhaps our response to *Herzog* has nothing to do with highbrow, middlebrow, or lowbrow [*SR*, Aug. 28] but, instead, depends upon the point in our lives when we happen to read it. I found it easy to identify with Herzog. However, I read the book after having read all of Erich Fromm and having done much personal searching for life's meanings. I found Bellow's writing clear, beautiful, thought-provoking. I copied many quotes for future reference: "Unexpected intrusions of beauty. This is what life is." "One of life's hardest jobs—to make quick understandings slow." "I really believe that brotherhood is what makes a man human." "Here—he had a taste of the life he might have led if he had been simply a loving creature."

Maxine Petris.

Kaneohe, Hawaii

Being a fairly heavy reader, but not a devoted reader who must have a book before his eyes constantly, I was a little skeptical about attempting *Herzog*. I found it not "dull, turgid or tedious," but deep, realistic and certainly interesting. After all, isn't Moses Herzog like so many of us? We have philosophies and emotional problems. It is a very shallow person that has none. Herzog is a constant thinker, of which we need many more. To me, the most important possession of man is the ability to think.

I also must disagree with Granville Hicks. I don't believe super-intelligence is necessary to understand *Herzog*, or a large literary background. I'm only sixteen, and that would most certainly not include me. Plain, simple, elementary feelings about life will be sufficient. I recommend *Herzog* to anyone with any emotions at all.

Sally Freeman.

Bloomsburg, Pa.

Author, Author!

I am totally confused. Who *did* write *Lord of the Rings* [*SR*, Letters to Book Review Editor, Oct. 23]? Did Tolkien write it or did Donald A. Wollheim, editor of Ace Books?

Bill Welborne.

New York, N.Y.

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The Facts Behind the Fiction

Meyer Levin's new novel, *The Stronghold* [see page 33], may sound like pure invention but there is a basis in fact. During World War II Mr. Levin, then a newspaper correspondent, attached himself to an advance group of the United States Army and was with them when they liberated a castle similar to the one in *The Stronghold*. In it were two ex-Premiers of France—Reynaud and Daladier. Another prisoner was General Weygand. Mr. Levin's many readers should have no trouble matching up the factual with the fictional; however, the author wants it known that the Jewish ex-Premier Vered "was suggested by but is not Léon Blum."

Another scene in *The Stronghold* concerns the dropping by planes of a propaganda leaflet on the stronghold. The leaflet, entitled "Why Die on the Last Day of the War?," was actually written by Levin during the war. As a civilian he was not privy to military information so it wasn't until ten years after the war that he learned the leaflet had been used. The source of his information was a nephew, a psychology student, who told him that it had been read in class as an example of effective wartime propaganda.

The Stronghold, as most Levin fans know, is not the first of his fictitious creations to be constructed from fact. There was also *Compulsion*, which grew from his days as a reporter covering the Leopold-Loeb trial, and, though you may not know it, *The Fanatic* is almost a straight retelling of the painful chain of events Levin was caught up in beginning with his efforts to have *The Diary of Anne Frank* published in America and continuing through his plagiarism battle over the Pulitzer Prize-winning play based on the novel and his later legal fights over the dramatization of *Compulsion*. So parallel to the true incidents is *The Fanatic* that the publication of the book was held up for six months while the publisher cleared the book through legal readings. Anyone interested enough to want to seek out who was who—and the names involved are all big ones—need only match the novel against the production credits on the two plays.

Mr. Levin, just in from Israel, where he has lived for the greater part of the last six years, said, "I'm still suffering the effects of those trials. Just recently a film story of mine on the Dead Sea Scrolls was returned to me by a producer who refused to look at the script until I signed a release stating that I would never sue him for reading it.

"What I was fighting for was pure principle. This was a play—*The Diary of Anne Frank*—that had won the Pulitzer Prize and the Drama Critics' Award, and it was in the courts for "appropriation of ideas." The verdict credited me with one-quarter of the play. Can you imagine the uproar in France if a winner of the Prix Goncourt was accused of plagiarism? Here there was silence and a reputation for me as a crank and a troublemaker. The silence of the literary world was the strongest shock I've ever experienced as a writer. It was a major life disappointment. That's why I wouldn't consider turning *The Stronghold* into a play, dramatic as it is."

My personal award for favorite sentence of this or any other year goes to Pocket Books for the following statement: *"Good Lord, You're Upside Down!* is a book that has to be read to be understood."

"Local Author's Book Selling Like Wildfire." The headline, taken from the *West Schuylkill Press and Pine Grove Herald*, represents a sale of thirty copies of Richard Wheeler's *The Bloody Battle for Suribachi* (Crowell, $5.95) and a reorder for twenty-five more. If these impressive sales figures don't represent wildfire to you, Richard Wheeler didn't fit in with my mental picture of what a marine hero, wounded on Iwo Jima, would be like ("I was a very scared marine surrounded by heroes."). He's a slim, bearded man, soft-spoken and shy. "New York City's very foreign to me. Right after I leave you I'm going to the zoo. I'll feel more at home there. It's more like country, I hear."

Richard Wheeler was in New York reluctantly for one day to do a few interviews in connection with his story of the real flag-raising over Iwo Jima. Posed for by marines other than those who had actually raised the flag on Mount Suribachi during battle, the famous photograph was taken later in the day, when a larger flag was available. Wheeler's outfit—the 3rd Platoon, "E" Company, 2nd Battalion, 28th Marines—lost forty-two of its original forty-six men, including two of the first flag raisers. "This book was in my mind a long time. I suppose it began back in the hospital when I was recuperating after being wounded. I wrote a long account of what had happened and I sent it home. When I really started the book, I checked what I remembered against what six or eight fellows I was in touch with remembered and then checked the names I had against the master roster of everyone on Iwo Jima.

"The famous flag-raising picture was taken for morale purposes but, you know, when the statue of the flag-raising was put up in Washington, D.C., my platoon wasn't even invited. A few of the fellows felt bad about it."

Today Richard Wheeler, a bachelor with every intention of remaining that way, lives in Pine Grove, Pennsylvania (population 2,500), in a "modest, rustic-type house" he built himself. "It's a couple of rooms of rough lumber. My bathtub has a plywood top that I can lower to make a kitchen table. I have a new hot plate—you can adjust it for low, medium, and high—and indoor plumbing. You have to come and see. It's hard to describe. I've got the first inside. . . ." He leaned over so that no one could hear him whisper the word "outhouse" to me. "I've been called a sociable hermit. I go to the neighbors sometimes to see television. Otherwise, I live alone in my house surrounded by the services of obliging women.

"I've got a little piece of land down on Big Pine Key—about thirty miles from Key West, Florida—and every winter I drive down there. I hate cold weather. That's my only reason for going. I hate the drive. I guess I'm what is called a car tramp. I live in my automobile; it's rigged up like a house. I do some writing and I poke around the Indian mounds and find some things. I guess this way of living is a thing of the past. They've got zoning regulations now. I hope to buy an old boat and live on it down there.

"You know, I wouldn't mind a wife so much. It's the thought of supporting her. I guess it's laziness. Looking back, I wouldn't change a thing except I would have sold a book before the age of forty-three."

The just-published *A Gift of Joy*, by Helen Hayes with Lewis Funke—already in its fourth printing, representing some 65,000 copies—is probably as near to an autobiography of the theater's First Lady as her fans can hope for. "I once worked on a ghosted autobiography," Miss Hayes said, "but I bought it back at the last minute. An autobiography is out of the question for me. My function is to serve, to entertain. Any autobiography I might write would of necessity lead to tragedy."

A Gift of Joy should serve nicely in place of autobiography. The many anecdotes and reminiscences—aside from the

(*Continued on page* 70)

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A Special Corner on Truth

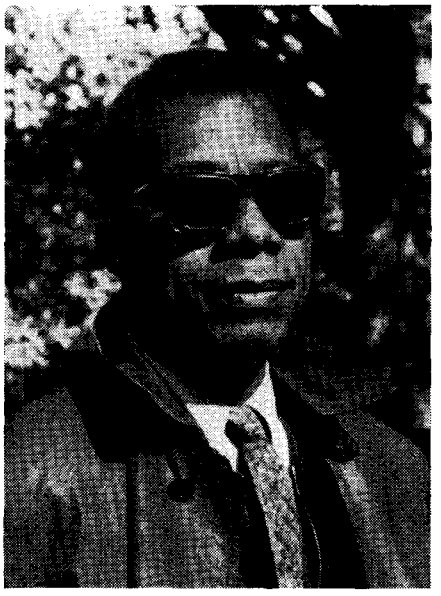
Going to Meet the Man, *by James Baldwin (Dial. 249 pp. $4.95), is a first collection of short stories by the author of "Another Country," "The Fire Next Time," and "Giovanni's Room." Daniel Stern wrote "Who Shall Live, Who Shall Die."*

By DANIEL STERN

ONE OF the tragic confusions in our time has been the inauthentic mixture of racial and homosexual rebellion. What seems to be a whole generation is taking up the theme of the homosexual as the ultimate outsider. Outsider he inevitably is, and thus, superficially, the likely choice as an emblematic figure for the revolt against bourgeois compromise. Yet, upon a little thought, what a ludicrous choice the homosexual is for this role. He is a clinical case, and therefore unable to represent more than himself and his own infantilism. His revolt against heterosexuality (and against Woman) is always personal—social only in its ramifications, *i.e.*, repression and persecution. This personal deviation has been present in all societies to some degree and in some societies to a great degree. (The Greeks are the perfect banal example.) When Genet, William Burroughs, and Hubert Selby, Jr., try to speak for the contemporary underground man via the homosexual, it is nihilistic foolishness. But when the writer who, by virtue of his talent, experience, and rhetorical fire, speaks for the Negro, permits this confusion to infect his work it is tragic.

This is what has marred the novels of James Baldwin up until the present. *Another Country,* the book that brought Baldwin his greatest success as a novelist, was a sprawling attempt at a picture of Negro/white hell; yet its final effect was that of a piece of homosexual special pleading. (The subtly propagandistic nature of the book can be seen by the fact that nearly every major male character has at least one homosexual experience.) The sexual content of Baldwin's play *Blues for Mister Charlie* suggests that the author has been sold on the truth of a classic white myth: that the Negro is capable of greater virility than the white man and that this is why the white man fears him.

On the other hand, it is impossible to read Baldwin's essays, in particular *The Fire Next Time,* without responding to the passionate thought and the lyrical line of idea and image which communicate to terrestrial eyes and minds what it is like to live on another planet—the one to which the white American has consigned the Negro.



—*Pix.*

James Baldwin—at his best a rare creature.

It is pleasant to be able to report that *Going to Meet the Man,* Baldwin's first collection of short stories, is closer in spirit, tone, and achievement to his best critical work than it is to his "sensational" fiction. These are stories beautifully made to frame genuine experience in a lyrical language. They are, for the most part, free from the intellectual sin of confusing the Negro's (and/or the white man's) tragedy with the homosexual's psychic deformity. They sing with truth dug out from pain.

Take a fine, broad-spirited story such as "Sonny's Blues," first published in *Partisan Review* in 1957. The narrator is that phenomenon of Negro life, the one who got away, who made it to the middle class. In this instance he is an algebra teacher, whose brother Sonny is a musician and a sometime drug addict. The story of the gulf between the two brothers, and of the "square" one breaking through to a vision of the other's experience, is simple and moving: jazz is the catalyst. And it is handled in a fresh way, free of cliché.

Another story, "This Morning, This Evening, So Soon," tells of a Negro singer who has been living in Europe and forgotten how to survive as an "inferior." When, on his return to America, his passport is examined by two white men, he thinks: "I had once known how to pitch my voice precisely between curtness and servility, and known what razor's edge of a pickaninny's smile would turn away wrath. But I had forgotten all the tricks on which my life had once depended."

Later in the same story, in speaking of white men, the narrator says: "And when we didn't hate them, we pitied them. In America, that's usually what it means to have a white friend. You pity the poor bastard because he was born believing the world's a great place to be, and you know it's not, and you can see that he's going to have a terrible time getting used to this idea, if he *ever* gets used to it."

As a *Weltanschauung* this idea may have certain limitations. But the vision of the Negro as having a little special corner on truth in our day is certainly preferable to the one Baldwin has offered in the past of the homosexual as seer. The homosexual undoubtedly suffers. But all suffering does not automatically confer shaman status.

Going to Meet the Man is full of less ambitious stories than the ones already cited, and, with two exceptions, they succeed handsomely. "The Outing" utilizes the gospel-shouting childhood world of the author's first novel, *Go Tell It on the Mountain.* "Previous Condition" is a tough little story that compresses a Negro actor's life into seventeen powerful pages.

Of the two failures, one, "The Man Child," has no racial content. It is merely an unbelievable story of unbelievable violence. The other one, the title story, attempts in an ingenuous way to equate a Southern white's hatred for Negroes with his own sexual life. To make it a one-for-one relationship in which lust equals hate and vice versa is to reduce complexity to caricature.

But these are two disappointments in a book that is otherwise a pleasure to read. Perhaps it is because Baldwin was a child preacher that his language at its best has a rich resonance: his stylistic mentors are the translators who labored so successfully for King James.

The stories in *Going to Meet the Man* demonstrate with stunning effect that James Baldwin has no need of racial or sexual special pleading. Free of these, at his best he is a rare creature.

CREOLE BEGAN TO tell us what the blues were all about. They were not about anything very new. He and his boys up there were keeping it new, at the risk of ruin, destruction, madness, and death, in order to find new ways to make us listen.

—From "Sonny's Blues" in "Going to Meet the Man."

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A Day of Judgments

***The Stronghold,** by Meyer Levin (Simon & Schuster. 319 pp. $5.95), about a group of Nazis and their prisoners in World War II, reveals the entire spectrum of attitudes of Jews and gentiles toward each other. The critic Joseph P. Bauke is associate professor of Germanic languages at Columbia University.*

By JOSEPH P. BAUKE

MEYER LEVIN's new novel is a rich, dense story about a group of ex-leaders of a Nazi-occupied country, held as hostages in a castle somewhere in southern Germany, and about their SS guards. The time is the last day of World War II. The advancing Americans are only a few miles off, but the Germans have not given up hope for a sudden reversal of events. The millennial expectations nurtured by the Party are not easily dispelled, and Armageddon might yet tip the scales in their favor.

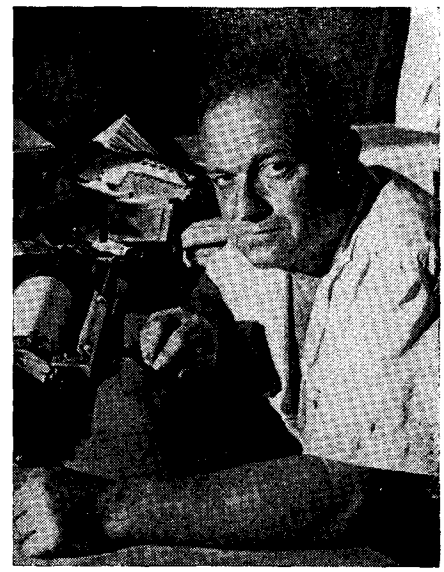
There is one Nazi who knows that time is up and sets about to insure his own future. He is Kraus, a careerist patterned on Adolf Eichmann, whom "the loved one" has charged with the implementation of the "final solution" to the Jewish problem. By offering his captives freedom in return for a letter attesting to his ethical conduct, he hopes to escape trial as a war criminal. The chance is tempting to the prisoners, former politicians all; but when they learn from the one Jew among them what really happened in the concentration camps, they decline, at the risk of death. Their deliberations, rendered in fast, powerful dialogue, reveal the entire spectrum of attitudes towards the Jews.

Just as the non-Jews examine their behavior and their conscience, the Jew in the group, a former prime minister, ponders his role in a gentile society. The charges of Christ-killing, of divided loyalties, and the canard of the Jews' scheming for world dominion are treated with such seriousness as to make this a passionately moral book. The answers that Mr. Levin comes up with are neither new nor startling, but the questions will linger in the reader's mind long after he has put down the book.

Next to the ex-premier, the aged baron, lord of the castle, is the best realized character. He stands for a type of German, or non-German for that matter, who is "personally quite rational on the Jewish question," and yet secure in his knowledge of his own racial superiority. Behaving with icy correctness toward the prisoners, he thrives on visions of Germany as the land "of ordered beauty as in ancient Greece, of ordered mastery as in ancient Rome, heightened and extended, projected into the realm of machine power with only the *Herrenvolk* as masters of the machines."

Kraus, the anti-Semite of low social origins, is the perfect foil to the haughty baron. Essentially stupid, he is the embodiment of what Hannah Arendt called the banality of evil.

The hour-by-hour action of the novel, with sudden reversals and unexpected reprieves, is a masterpiece of story-telling; but the book's unique achievement lies in the fusion of a fast-paced plot with a quest for moral values. There can be no doubt that *The Stronghold* is one of Meyer Levin's best books.



—David Ruburger.

Meyer Levin—"quest for moral values."

Icy Grief and a Fire of Vengeance

***Mountain Man,** by Vardis Fisher (Morrow. 372 pp. $5.95), inspired by John Johnston, the Crow-killer, graphically portrays the hardships suffered by the Western pioneers. Larry McMurtry wrote "Horseman, Pass By" and "Leaving Cheyenne."*

By LARRY McMURTRY

THE SIMPLEST and least disputable thing one can say about Vardis Fisher is that he has been exceptionally productive. *Mountain Man* is his thirty-seventh book, and even if one subtracts from that count a couple of pamphlets and the three volumes he edited for the Federal Writers Project the bulk that remains is still formidable and a little forbidding. Mr. Fisher has the energies and the admirably steady work habits of a nineteenth-century man of letters, and his output shows the sort of unevenness that commonly accompanies incessant production. One would hate to be set the task of reading every word he has published, but would hate even worse to be without the half-dozen books that show him at his best.

In approaching Fisher's work it is important to remember that he holds a doctorate in English from the University of Chicago. Mr. Joseph Flora, in his recent introductory study, *Vardis Fisher* (Twayne, $3.50), points out that Fisher was extremely impressed with some of his teachers, notably John Matthews Manly, Robert Morss Lovett, James Root Hulbert, and George Sherburn. Manly is said to have told Fisher that he would be a better novelist for having learned what scholarship was, an opinion which is at least debatable. Fisher has a strong desire to be the scholar-artist, but his gift for narrative has not always been compatible with his yen for scholarship. His talent and his subjects are sometimes not congruent.

IN an essay written in 1963 Fisher remarks that the Testament of Man series was probably too much for him, the difficulty being that he started on the series so late in life that he simply could not read enough or learn enough. It is unlikely, however, that the Testament would have been much improved if Fisher had started on it the day he was weaned; if the series fails it is not through lack of knowledge or historical insight, not because of any inability to understand history, but because Mr. Fisher could not animate that many periods in fiction. In a few of the Testament novels, particularly in *My Holy Satan*, he has managed to do so, but in most of the others the ideas are made

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quite clear while the characters remain vague.

This is somewhat ironic, because Fisher himself has written an interesting, indeed a delightful handbook on the principles of good fiction, *God or Caesar?* (1953). One would venture that he himself has been most successful, both as scholar and artist, not in writing about Western Man, but in writing about man in the American West. Fisher has written an excellent novel about the Donner party (*The Mothers*, 1943), a highly readable novelization of the Lewis and Clark journals (*Tale of Valor*, 1958), a valuable investigation of the death of Meriwether Lewis (*Suicide or Murder*, 1962), a Mormon book (*Children of God*, 1939), a Hudson Bay book (*Pemmican*, 1956), and now a vivid novel of the mountain men.

The protagonist of *Mountain Man* is one Sam Minard, a figure loosely modeled on John Johnston, the Crow-killer. There are two women in his life, an Indian girl named Lotus, whom he marries, and Kate Bowden, whom he finds one day just after her husband and three children have been killed by the Blackfeet. In her frenzy Kate has managed to kill four of the Indians with an axe, but the shock of what she has seen destroys her mind, and she refuses to leave the spot, remaining for years by the graves of her children, singing to them, talking to them. Sam builds her a cabin nearby and he and the other mountain men look after her as best they can until finally, in an unusually severe winter, she freezes to death. Sam's young, pregnant wife, meanwhile, is killed by Crows, and he pursues his vengeance so successfully that for a time the whole Crow nation knows shame and despair.

The book makes very good reading. Fisher's narrative sense and his feel for country are sharp when he is dealing with subjects as close to home as the mountain men. He is particularly effective at making the reader aware of the abysmal hardships that confronted the pioneer, especially the pioneer woman. Kate Bowden, keeping a demented vigil over her children's graves, reminds one of the women in *The Mothers* who sliced flesh from frozen human corpses in order to keep their children alive. The pre-Christian era pricks the scholar in Fisher; the early West pricks the novelist. This book can sit comfortably on the shelf with Harvey Fergusson's *Wolf Song*, A. B. Guthrie, Jr.'s *The Big Sky*, and Frederick Manfred's *Lord Grizzly*, three other memorable novels about the mountain men.

(*Fiction reviews continued on page* 69)

Coming November 13
Children's Book Week Supplement

Aren't We Doing Anything Right?

The Free World Colossus: A Critique of American Foreign Policy in the Cold War, *by David Horowitz (Hill & Wang. 451 pp. $6.95), claims that the U.S. strategy of containment is really a disguise for counterrevolution. Harry Howe Ransom of Vanderbilt University is author of "Can American Democracy Survive Cold War?"*

By HARRY HOWE RANSOM

OUR MOST urgent foreign policy problem is how to change America's growing reputation as the agent of reactionary counterrevolution in the two-thirds of the world now undergoing a revolution of rising expectations.

Too often the United States has painted itself into a corner where no alternative is seen to supporting anti-democratic, *status quo* régimes that have neither local support nor interest in necessary reform. Thinking Americans are troubled at this apparent loss of idealism. In its place foreign-policy managers appear to have substituted hard-headed power politics, guided simply by anti-Communism.

In *The Free World Colossus* the author's concern, and his arguments, run even deeper. To David Horowitz almost every major American foreign and military policy has been a failure measured by our own ideals: liberty, equality, and self-determination. In a detailed review of the past two decades, Mr. Horowitz blames the United States for the inability either to build a peaceful world order by negotiated settlements with Russia, or to support necessary revolutions.

The book fails, however, because it neglects the Marxist-Leninist basis of Russian and Chinese policies and their interaction and incompatibility with American policy. Even given the author's space-limitation disclaimer, how can a meaningful critique of American foreign policy be attempted in such a vacuum? Certainly the book touches some sensitive nerves and structural weaknesses of American strategy. But in the process the author grossly neglects Communist ideology.

American foreign-policy aims, as distinct from their growing contrary reputation, are not so universalist or absolutist as Marxism-Leninism. The American ideal continues to be a peaceful world of independent states, each free to choose its own system provided it does not threaten the freedom of others. Out of confusion, misinformation, or fear, the United States, in pursuit of this goal, has often clumsily misused its power. In real situations, when the choice involved great risks, policy-makers have lost sight of America's still revolutionary ideals. So the United States is partly to blame for blurring its reputation within many "expectant" nations and for bringing the world to the brink of thermonuclear doom. But surely this is no more than half the story.

As I understand Russian and Chinese ideologies, they seek, beyond self-defense, universally to destroy all capitalist or pre-capitalist systems and to substitute Communist social, economic, and political systems. A red flag flying at every nation's capitol is the avowed ultimate objective, even if Moscow and Peking bitterly debate techniques, timetables, and the shade of red.

The picture of the USSR as an aggressive, expansionist, intransigent power is to Mr. Horowitz an American "cold-war mythology." He rejects the orthodox view that American policy has been largely a reaction to Soviet ideology and behavior. He believes it has been the other way around. For, he argues, "the early postwar situation was such as to give the United States a near monopoly on the strategic decisions which would affect the basic structure of international relations. . . ." He attempts, unconvincingly, to demonstrate that American containment policy has been really a disguise for counterrevolution.

Although offered as a serious historical study, this book must be classified as a polemic. It is copiously footnoted; but far too frequently the witnesses called in to support an argument are those who have previously covered the same ground from an identical point of view. Instead of objective history, Mr. Horowitz has written another volume in the new revisionist history. In it one finds Truman, Acheson, Eisenhower, the Dulles brothers, Kennedy, and Rusk among the principal cold-war villains.

Since World War II American policy certainly has been fraught with mistakes and misapprehensions. Solid historical scholarship, no matter how unorthodox, that exposes this fact and adds to our knowledge of the modern causes of conflict and conditions of peace is an urgent need. But this book fails to meet it.

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Eastern Route to the Western Way

Yankees and Samurai: America's Role in the Emergence of Modern Japan, *by Foster Rhea Dulles (Harper & Row. 275 pp. $6.50), relates the growth of cordial relations between two widely divergent peoples. Delmer M. Brown, professor of Japanese history at the University of California, Berkeley, wrote "Nationalism in Japan: An Introductory Historical Analysis."*

By DELMER M. BROWN

CONCERN over the rising tide of anti-American sentiment—observable even in such traditionally friendly countries as the Philippines—heightens the appeal of any book about a country that was once willing to pay high salaries, from its own funds, for American consultants and advisers. But the history of American relations with Japan after the Perry expeditions of 1853-54 is absorbing for other reasons. It discloses increasingly cordial relations between peoples with widely divergent cultural backgrounds, and it is related to one of the most startling phenomena of the past century: Japan's rapid rise from "underdevelopment" to the position of a world power.

Foster Rhea Dulles's well-written *Yankees and Samurai* is a product of painstaking research and thoughtful synthesis. The Yankees and samurai chosen for discussion have, in most cases, been studied before; but this is the first serious attempt to cast the activities of many into an integrated whole. In discussing the contributions of individuals in different walks of life—traders, missionaries, diplomats, teachers, students, advisers, consultants, tourists—and in grouping their activities into distinct stages of historical progression, the author succeeds, to a remarkable degree, in bringing the broad picture of U.S.-Japanese relations into sharper focus. Within the context of this presentation, even the familiar stories of Commodore Perry, Townsend Harris, and Lafcadio Hearn achieve new meaning and depth.

As comprehensive as the study is, it seems to leave the mistaken impression that the opening and modernization of Japan were primarily the work of Americans. To be sure, an American naval expedition was the immediate cause of the Bakufu's decision to drop its age-old isolation policy; an American took the lead in negotiating the first commercial treaties, and the largest group of foreign advisers employed by the new Meiji government came from the United States. And yet it cannot be denied that in most endeavors—except the development of the island of Hokkaido—European influence was significant. Furthermore, the overwhelming naval superiority of the British and French certainly made the Japanese more amenable to American tutelage.

In 1879, at the height of the "Yankee Invasion," ex-President Grant offered the following advice to the Emperor of Japan:

> In your discussions with China on Lew Chew, and on all matters at issue, do not invite or permit so far as you can avoid it, the intervention of a foreign power. European powers have no interest in Asia, so far as I can judge from their diplomacy, that do not involve the humiliation and subjugation of the Asiatic people. Their diplomacy is always selfish, and a quarrel between China and Japan would be regarded by them as a quarrel that might ensue to their own advantage.

Professor Dulles concludes that such statements "were accepted as convincing proof that Japan had nothing to fear from the Pacific neighbor which was doing so much to help her adjust her ancient ways to the exigencies and the dangers of the modern world." But Grant's advice also suggests that he considered the military might of the Western powers to be the really decisive force in Japan's international affairs.

Two chapters of the book are devoted entirely to Japanese individuals, such as Fukuzawa Yukichi, Niijima Jo, and Nitobe Inazo, who came to the United States and then returned home to participate in Japan's adjustment to the modern scene. But the author's general preoccupation with American contributions clouds the fact that the regeneration of Japan was effected, first and foremost, by Japanese—not just by the few who traveled abroad and became experts on Western ways, but by the vast numbers, in various fields and at all levels, who proved to be singularly astute in applying radically new methods and ideas to current problems.

So, while enjoying the fabulous tales of famous Yankees and samurai who were connected with America's role in the emergence of modern Japan, the reader needs to reflect on the truth conveyed in the following words—quoted by Professor Dulles—of Finley Peter Dunne's Mr. Dooley: "Whin we rapped on the dure, we didn't go in, they came out."

—From the book (Courtesy Tsuneo Tamba).

"Yokohama Dontaku"—the famous Sunday Parade, by Gounter Sadahide in the *Yokohama Ukiyoe*.

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Establishing Freedom by Force

The Honorable Conquerors: The Occupation of Japan 1945-1952, *by Walt Sheldon (Macmillan. 336 pp. $6.95), recognizing the inherent contradiction of any military machine attempting to instill democracy, nevertheless gives full credit to the aims and principles that governed the postwar force under General MacArthur. John Allison, former Ambassador to Japan, was deputy to John Foster Dulles in the negotiation of the peace treaty.*

By JOHN M. ALLISON

DOUGLAS MACARTHUR has told us in his *Reminiscences* how the Occupation felt to him. It is good now to find out how it looked to those who toiled far away from the rather rarefied atmosphere of the General's headquarters overlooking the moat surrounding the Imperial Palace.

Walt Sheldon, a junior officer during World War II, came to the Occupation as a Public Information Officer. While his book contains many sharp and sensible observations on the conduct of the Occupation, it also reveals far too sketchy a knowledge of the history and culture of the people among whom the members of the Occupation forces were working. This, unfortunately, was all too common. The Occupation authorities, at least in the early years, seemed to follow a deliberate policy of excluding from their ranks anyone who had appreciable previous knowledge concerning Japan and its people.

During my first postwar visit to Japan, in January 1948, I was appalled to find the Occupation filled with well-meaning, zealous young men attempting to transform the life of a whole people with an entirely different history and culture without seemingly any real understanding or great desire to obtain understanding of that history and culture. Everything was to start anew with the Occupation, and many of the practices of the Japanese as seen by the Occupation were assumed to be the direct result of its influence. A small but perhaps significant example is found in Mr. Sheldon's book when he is discussing the impact of the Occupation on the daily life of the Japanese. He says that "starting with the Occupation, the trend was to build at least one 'Western' room with a hard floor and chairs and tables in it, and this was usually the place of honor where guests were received." When I first went to Japan almost forty years ago, the homes of many of the comparatively well-to-do Japanese contained such a room, usually cluttered with hideous Victorian furniture and decorations.

Sheldon rightly sees the inherent contradiction of any Occupation that tries to instill democracy by means of a necessarily dictatorial military machine. He also points out the absurdity of American high-school principals trying to tell experienced Japanese college professors how to reform their educational system. The author's comments on and description of the war crimes trials are extremely interesting and will reinforce the opinion of many that they were ill-advised and did little to increase respect for the Western rule of law. The much maligned Japanese industrialists and financiers who headed the Zaibatsu at last get a break, for Sheldon reports—as those of us who lived in Japan at the time knew—"that most Zaibatsu leaders tried desperately to prevent the rise of the military clique in Japan before the war and many were the targets of assassination plots." The Occupation, however, insisted on breaking up the Zaibatsu and purging the leaders during those years when its primary aim was to ensure that all evidences of militarism be eradicated. Later, as Sheldon points out, with different counsel prevailing, the most extreme deconcentration and purge programs were modified, and a beginning was made in the remarkable economic recovery that has surprised so many people.

The noble aims and high principles which General MacArthur claims in his *Reminiscences* governed the Occupation are given due recognition by Sheldon who also describes how some of these aims and principles were warped and maimed in their practical application by the General's subordinates. My own experience confirms this, but I also learned that when and if these aberrations were brought to MacArthur's attention he usually took immediate corrective action. It was not easy though to get his attention.

While the author disclaims any intention to write "a heavily documented history," he asserts that facts have "been checked as carefully as possible." Unfortunately, many errors remain, most of them minor but the sort that could easily have been checked. For example, the official State Department report of the San Francisco Peace Treaty Conference lists correctly the members of the American delegation with their proper titles. William Sebald was not "Ambassador to Japan" nor was Alexis Johnson "Chief of Protocol of the State Department," as Sheldon states in his description of the Conference. Rather, Sebald was Political Advisor to the Supreme Commander in Japan with the personal rank of Ambassador, and Johnson was Chief of the Northeast Asian Division of the State Department.

Nevertheless, Mr. Sheldon has produced an interesting book, from which we can learn a lot. He devotes a bit too much space to the part played by the always charming Japanese women in the lives of many members of the Occupation, but this is probably a true reflection of how it seemed to those who were there at the time.

During the seven years of the Occupation there was considerable confusion, a goodly number of downright errors of omission and commission, and many contradictions. Yet on the whole it was probably one of the best Occupations in history. Mr. Sheldon's book reflects this and the fact that the major share of the credit must go to the inspiration and guiding genius of General MacArthur.

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Literature and Life Style

Beyond Culture: Essays on Literature and Learning, *by Lionel Trilling (Viking. 233 pp. $5), continues its author's search for links between books and society. Critic and biographer Leon Edel is currently teaching at the Center for Advanced Studies, Wesleyan University.*

By LEON EDEL

LIONEL TRILLING's new volume of eight essays is his first book in ten years. The longest piece, his Freud centenary lecture, appeared separately a decade ago. Five of the other papers are from the 1960s. *Beyond Culture,* however, is of a piece with *The Liberal Imagination* of 1950 and *The Opposing Self* of 1955. It has the same elegance of statement and the same unceasing and anxious search for the fine threads by which the critic's mind links literature and the literary imagination to society and its culture. It also possesses Trilling's broadness of generalization and his curious assertion of the critical personality.

Trilling has now reached the age of sixty, and this is perhaps a useful moment to ask ourselves where he stands in the critical hierarchy. Less prolific, less versatile, and less critical in a distinctively literary way than Edmund Wilson, the *doyen* of our critics, he is also less concerned with the rich extra-literary world in which Lewis Mumford deals with man, and he is less direct and explicit than Malcolm Cowley—to name three of Trilling's elders.

Trilling's uniqueness lies elsewhere. He is our one literary critic who, in a philosophical manner, unceasingly questions the categories and values of our culture. His originality resides in the way he has allied his close study of Freud with the Arnoldian dictum that literature is a criticism of life. His essays possess an air of civilized converse, a measured tone of reflection, and a tension that seems to arise from uneasiness as to where to place his critical self-assertion. The dustjacket speaks of Trilling's critical "stance," and it is this stance—half aggressive, half cautious—that has given him the authority he enjoys here and in England.

His posture is fully illustrated in this book. Trilling explains that "the primary function of art and thought is to liberate the individual from the tyranny of his culture in the environmental sense and to permit him to stand beyond it in an autonomy of perception and judgment." The book also states what might be said to be Trilling's credo: literary situations are cultural situations; these are "great elaborate fights about moral issues"; moral issues have "something to do with gratuitously chosen images of personal being," and the chosen images have something to do with style.

We never get a precise idea, however, of all that Trilling means by culture. His essays represent a continuous attempt at definition. He speaks of an "inclusive culture," which I suppose encompasses "pop" culture as well as the "adversary culture"—that is, the "self" in its quarrel with society. Trilling moreover embraces advertising as a cultural ally. One has little doubt that he hardly considers our brain-washed-by-commercials populace, with its built-in cultural pretensions, as cultured. Yet he speaks of advertising as "the wonderful and terrible art which teaches us that we define ourselves and realize our true being by choosing the right style." And again, "advertising joins forces with literature in agitating the question of who one is, of what kind of person one should want to be, a choice in which one's possessions and appearance, one's tastes, are as important as one's feelings and behavior."

I wonder whether advertising "teaches" the culturally aware individual anything. It is too coercive; it twists and

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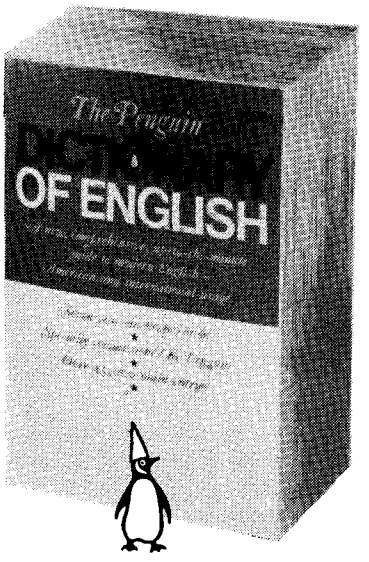

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turns elements of our culture into base instruments of the marketplace; it reinforces received opinion.

On the personal side, Trilling's criticism is needlessly subjective. He assumes on occasion that his own feelings are everyone's. For instance, Strether's appeal in Henry James's *The Ambassadors* to "live all you can," Trilling says, "does not move us now as it once did." English critics have rightly chided him for the editorial "us," that is, for generalizing his personal attitudes. Does he mean, they ask, Americans in general? New York intellectuals? His bright young students at Columbia? In deference to such criticism, Trilling has wisely altered the title of his essay "Our Hawthorne" to "Hawthorne in Our Time." Unfortunately, however, he has not revised the essay itself, and I find it the least responsible in the book.

Trilling is much more successful in his essay on the famous battle between C. P. Snow and F. R. Leavis in 1962. He defines Leavis's pugnacity, and he perceptively shows us the paradox of Snow's hostility to literature in his "two cultures" lecture. I suspect, however, that he does not push far enough into the power hunger of these gifted adversaries, the ambivalence of their strong egalitarianism, and their simultaneous yearning for the more "aristocratic" concept of culture—culture itself being, indeed, a highly "aristocratic" concept. Leavis and Snow use literature as an instrument for their struggle against the English class structure. Trilling, who contains a large measure of the refined and the delicate—of the "aristocratic"—, seems hesitant to accept such civilized qualities in himself. And so he upbraids Yeats for his "inexhaustible fund of snobbery." There is snobbery and snobbery; and a critic must tell us where discrimination ends and snobbery begins. Yeats's conservatism, like T. S. Eliot's, did not prevent him from having a transcendent vision; Balzac's monarchial views did not impair his grasp of man's misery and grandeur. One feels that Trilling's uneasiness before the politics of the artist—matters really not always of the essence—displays a failure on his part to re-examine the "received opinions" of his own egalitarianism.

Two of the essays in the book define Trilling's personal way of teaching contemporary literature, and his general attitudes toward literary study. He has also included a discussion of the "pleasure principle," and papers on Jane Austen and Isaac Babel. In these we find the same personal dialectic, the same challenging statements, and the same energy in subsuming literature to society and culture. One wonders whether in such a process the literary idea does not suffer a constant sea-change.

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Conscience of a Culture

***Essays on Thomas Mann**, by Georg Lukács (Grosset & Dunlap. 169 pp. Hardbound, $3.95; paperback, $1.95), measures the great German author by the Hungarian critic's dialectical-materialism yardstick. Edward M. Potoker, who teaches English at the City College of New York, studied German literature and philosophy, under Fulbright and DAAD grants, at the universities of Goettingen and Munich.*

By EDWARD M. POTOKER

GEORG LUKACS, the renowned Hungarian philosopher, literary critic, and cultural historian, is pre-eminent among the few contemporary Marxist theorists whom Western intellectuals respect. Now in his eightieth year and with more than thirty volumes and innumerable essays to his credit, Lukács is completing a massive study of Marxist esthetics. His best-known books in this country are *Studies in European Realism* and *The Historical Novel*, but many of his major works remain to be translated. In *Essays on Thomas Mann* Lukács sums up nearly fifty years of thought on the towering German novelist and educator, who is, he believes, "the last great critical realist," the only worthy successor, in our century, to the grand literary tradition of Balzac, Stendhal, Tolstoy. This small volume, Lukács tells us, is also an act of resignation, for he "can hardly hope now to produce a systematic treatment of Mann's work." Nevertheless, these essays—in an admirably intelligent translation by Stanley Mitchell which often transcends the extreme difficulties and awkwardnesses of Lukács's style—contain the critical acumen, moral passion, and contentiousness expected of a critic whom Mann considered the most important of our day.

In the seminal essay, "In Search of Bourgeois Man," Lukács argues a consistent progress in Mann's work in both form and *Weltanschauung* though his persuasiveness is sometimes marred by intrusive Marxian dialectic. He reasonably asserts that Mann, who possessed the highest intellectual culture of the bourgeois Germany of his time, was representative as a conscience of the German middle class and, therefore, mirrored his world. However, Mann only belatedly and somewhat ruefully took his place in the democratic struggle against reaction, for he had entered the political arena as an ultraconservative and moved gradually, if painfully, away from his original position. It is this com-

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plex development, with all of its ambiguities and contradictions, that Lukács outlines and analyzes.

In order to attain a Socialist perspective, though he never became a Socialist, Mann had to work his way thoroughly through "the leading reactionary thinkers" of his period, Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. *Buddenbrooks*, Lukács remarks, was written at a time (1901) when Mann and many German bourgeois intellectuals "looked to Schopenhauer as the leading spokesman of a German philosophy." But how does Mann portray a Schopenhauerian attitude to life in this early novel? He makes Thomas Buddenbrook, a failure as husband, father, and merchant, go through Schopenhauer's *The World as Will and Idea*. His reading not only provides him with pleasure and escape but amply justifies his suffering. He is intoxicated to discover a master-mind who scornfully demonstrates that this is the worst of all possible worlds. With irony worthy of Mann, Lukács remarks that "the bitterest opponent of Schopenhauer could not paint a better picture of the philosopher as the apostle of decadence." Nevertheless, at this stage of his career, Mann, as an anticapitalist romantic, could only oppose capitalism's inhumanity and cultural poverty (the Hagenströms) to the humanistic culture of the bourgeois-patrician past (the Buddenbrooks). Lukács feels that this criticism inevitably lacked perspective.

In *Tonio Kröger* (1903) and *Death in Venice* (1911) Mann was fundamentally "non-political," and these stories are concerned with the opposition between art and life. During World War I, Mann, spurning democracy as something unclean and un-German, became a spokesman for imperial Germany, self-consciously upholding the romantic-conservative tradition of German *Kultur*, the antirational *Geist* of Novalis, Schopenhauer, Wagner, and Nietzsche against the superficial, rationalistic West. In 1918 he published *Reflections of a Non-Political Man*, his most reactionary and romantic "pro-German" book. These aberrations, however, did not last long. With the collapse of Hohenzollern Germany and the rise of the Weimar Republic, Mann, converting to democracy and emulating Goethe, became a good European.

Lukács, who perceives in *The Magic Mountain* (1924) the first important results of Mann's political reorientation, states that this great novel is "devoted to the ideological struggle between life and death, health and sickness, reaction and democracy." Notwithstanding sometimes strained antitheses, worthy rivals to Mann's own, Lukács is particularly astute in his analysis of the dialectical duel between the Italian humanist Settembrini, the democrat bringing a sort of light, and the Jesuit-educated Jew, Naphta, dark spokesman of a "Catholicising, pre-Fascist ideology." These antagonists fight a symbolical duel, which results in a draw, over the soul of an average German bourgeois, Hans Castorp. Why, after such expenditures of dialectic, a draw? Lukács insists that Settembrini, with whom he sympathizes, is an uncritical standard-bearer of the capitalist system, having no really effective intellectual weapons with which to fight Naphta's anticapitalist demagogy. "This brings out perfectly the basic weakness of the average modern bourgeois democratic attitude when faced with a reactionary anticapitalist demagogy." How does one remedy this "basic weakness"? According to Lukács, nothing will do short of a full commitment to the struggles of the working class and its revolution. But he fails to consider the richer

(*Continued on page 70*)

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Impossibilities Are Limited

THE PHILOSOPHY with which Lincoln Center's new drama repertory theater can most flourish has yet to be fully established. It is to be a democratic theater, of course, and the Vivian Beaumont Theater designed by the late Eero Saarinen and Jo Mielziner in close collaboration with Elia Kazan and Robert Whitehead does bring theatergoers in close relationship to each other and to the performers, and does tend to eliminate the distinctions between *good seats* and *poor seats*.

As it turns out, Mr. Kazan and Mr. Whitehead who had the original vision of how to use it have not been given the chance to make it work. Instead, its operation has been entrusted to Herbert Blau and Jules Irving, the two brave pioneers who founded and ran San Francisco's Actor's Workshop with such distinction for thirteen years. If their previous work can be taken as an index, their approach to theater can be described as tending to be consciously artistic and intellectual, and based upon the belief that if they apply to a production the utmost art and intellect of which they are capable, they will be better serving their audience than by allowing their work to be led by considerations of what their audiences' responses are likely to be.

There are dangers in this attitude, and some of these become apparent in their opening presentation, *Danton's Death*. The mere selection of this 1835 montage drama of the French Revolution by the then twenty-one-year-old German playwright, Georg Büchner, suggests that Mr. Blau has yielded to the temptations of beginning with the impossiblest challenge. Furthermore, while he has stated that the appropriateness of *Danton's Death* lies in its being a work that can be produced in such a way as to reveal our own times to us, he has achieved this mainly in his program note from which the following sections were deleted:

> The French revolution was a series of small nuclear explosions climaxed by the reign of terror. It came at the end of the eighteenth century when enlightenment looked over the abyss to anarchy and, in our own time, absolute unreason. The terror was designed by the Committee of Public Safety as an instrument of order. "Terror, but not chaos." The bloodletting seemed required by history. Terror, according to Robespierre, Castro, Verwoerd, Mao Tse-tung and President Johnson, is the moral whip of virtue.
>
> This is not to equalize all aberrations of power, but to recognize—as Büchner did at twenty-one—that nobody has a premium on tyranny. By fault or default, from whatever good motives, we are all executioners. 'What is it in us that whores, lies, steals and kills?' The question may be hard tack for a new season. But we may as well begin where our world leaves us: with the balance of terror. . . .
>
> The heroes of the (French) Revolution were responsible for murder, rape, arson, cannibalism, atrocity of every kind, and the horror is they were no more (or less) sadists than the men responsible today for releasing napalm over the jungles.

But program notes, deleted or otherwise, only count insofar as they are borne out on the stage. And Mr. Blau's adaptation and production of the play both fail considerably in this respect. For Mr. Blau in his first attempt at using this sort of stage appears to have cautiously retreated from commitment to the open stage by using a short thrust element consisting mostly of steps, and by staging most of the play's scenes in the maximum width and depth of the proscenium stage behind it. When the curtain rises to reveal Jo Mielziner's inspired abstraction of Paris in the form of the traditional perspective line settings of that period, decorated only with statues, a marvelously dramatic atmosphere is set. But, unfortunately, the production doesn't take its cue from this. Instead of allowing the French Revolution to be sensed around us, it labors to paint it literally in front of us, using such diverse elements as Morton Subotnik's electronic music (interpreted by someone as sounding like a composer's beginning attempts to compose the *Marseillaise*), choreographed crowd scenes in which for no apparent reason girls are grabbed and dragged offstage, ringing speeches declaimed from mobile tribunal platforms, and a grand guignol ending in which we see Danton and his companions guillotined.

While there are none of the outrageous mistakes and miscasting that afflicted three of the Lincoln Center Repertory Theater company's six presentations at the ANTA-Washington Square Theater, there are also no very distinguished performances. Rather, the actors, principally Alan Bergmann as Danton, Robert Symonds as Robespierre, Roscoe Lee Browne as St. Just, and Robert Stattel as Desmoulins, seem noisy figurines caught up in a disciplined but meaningless pageant. Possibly this is a deliberate demonstration that terror is meaningless and unopposable when it is used as a temporary tool with which to sustain a well-intentioned order. But if so, couldn't this point have been more effectively made by more subtle and genuine portrayals with which we might identify these men's sense of lostness with our own?

It is possible that *Danton's Death* might have failed in any case, but the disappointment one feels here is that despite all the hard and intelligent work that went into it, the failure should be so uninteresting.

SOMEWHERE in the middle of his new musical, *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever*, Alan Jay Lerner points out that reincarnation as an alternative to "unlife" religions is a concept not to be laughed at. However, by attempting to deal with it within the conventional musical comedy tradition, Mr. Lerner and his composer, Burton Lane, have failed either to write a very entertaining musical or to make us take the concept seriously. It should have been relatively easy for them to have achieved the former objective by fashioning a merry romance between a psychiatrist and a girl who has an ordinary personality when conscious and an extraordinary one when under hypnosis. But one suspects that in his research, Mr. Lerner became more interested in another question, namely, if reincarnation were a proven fact, how might this change the pattern of contemporary American life?

However, what has been written

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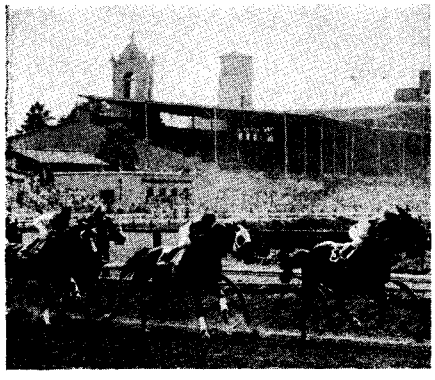

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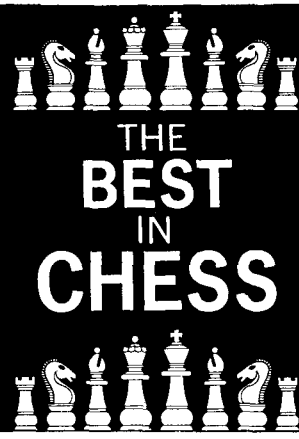
flounders laboriously and drearily between the two. We begin by looking at a large blank screen behind which the chorus sings the title song. Then we meet Daisy Gamble, a plumpish unsure-of-herself girl who is frantically enrolled in every self-improvement course she can find. But instead of an amusing song about this, we are whisked back into the eighteenth century for a scene from the life of Melinda Wells, who is Daisy in her previous incarnation. Now since Melinda is the personality that attracts the doctor, the eighteenth-century part of the show should reveal an aspect of Melinda's personality that is unusual or show how her previous existence affected her present one. But, alas, the eighteenth-century scenes seem nominal exercises in reproducing the surface color of that era. And while there is one slightly funny comic ballet about wenching ad absurdum, it adds nothing to the story and scarcely justifies the frenetic effort choreographer Herbert Ross and the dancers have thrown into it. The scenes in our own century give little opportunity for dancing except for a couple of foursomes, which are lost on the huge Mark Hellinger stage. The remainder of the musical has to do with the young psychiatrist braving the orthodoxy of his profession to pursue the evidence of reincarnation, and of his discovery that he is as much in love with Daisy as he thought he was with Melinda.

The role of the psychiatrist is a pale one, and although John Cullum is reasonably handsome and can sing a ballad satisfactorily, he seems as flat and self-effacing as some psychiatrists try to be in order to avoid transference. The part of the more eccentric Daisy, who is gifted with ESP, provides better opportunities, and at the beginning of the show Barbara Harris is just great. Her expression of guarded enthusiasm for a wild idea, the way she shrugs her eyes in modest recognition of a simple ESP feat, or her efforts to fight the doctor's hypnotic suggestion are hilarious uses of her unique ability. But for a large portion of the evening, when she must play the British lady straight, her talent is wasted, and every time she faces front and belts out a song, one asks oneself what has happened to the adorable and simple singing style we remember her enchanting us with a few seasons ago.

Burton Lane's music is melodic, and Mr. Lerner's lyrics are singable. However, none of the songs stands out in the show, though *Wait 'Til We're Sixty-Five* contains a dash of the cleverness we associate with Mr. Lerner's previous output. But perhaps everyone is jinxed, for even Oliver Smith's scenery leaves one with the strange impression that the show is being run through before the sets have arrived. —HENRY HEWES.



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A Sort of Spanish Town

BEFORE THE PILGRIMS were born there were 1,500 people living in the settlement of St. Augustine in Spanish Florida. More than forty years before the English had founded a colony at Jamestown and fifty-five years before they set a sole on the rock at Plymouth, the Spaniards had established the St. Augustine settlement.

Walking the streets of St. Augustine this year, during the 400th anniversary of its founding, one could, with some justification, wonder how it managed to escape being a quiet preserve of history, such as Jamestown, or how it came to accumulate such a carny collection of attractions before some knowing government or some esthetic citizen blew the whistle.

The whistle, more like a private tweet sounded in a high wind, blew in 1958, if not for an alarmed public, at least for one visitor named Gerald Horton Bath. A student of Spanish history who had spent five years on the Colonial Williamsburg project, Mr. Bath saw the possibilities at St. Augustine, a feat of rare vision. He sold his own Williamsburg house, and bought an early eighteenth-century house which might possibly have been a Spanish inn. Bath researched the project in Spain. Since no one in the mother country could determine what a Spanish colonial house in St. Augustine looked like in that period, the historians and professional refinishers urged him to make it look like a Spanish inn of Spain.

Built of coquina rock, or calcified shells, the house today is called the Old Spanish Inn. The fittings were collected by Bath in Spain: a *brasero* to warm the reception room; Seville tiles depicting the reception for Columbus arriving in Barcelona to appear before their Catholic majesties; reproductions of paintings of Ferdinand and Isabella; pictures in tile of Pedro Menéndez de Avilés, who founded the city; antique wedding chests; and a well in the courtyard that was brought over from Madrid, complete with locked well cover so that the owner could prevent himself from being poisoned. Reproductions of cathedral bedsteads have been threaded among the antiques and are passed off nicely. A wine cask made of a whole pig's skin and fitted with a spigot was filled, for the fun of it, in 1959, and didn't spring a leak until last year. Bath, who can see the restoration potentialities better than most men, bought his inn when it was an overgrown wreck, but he recalls that it "glowed with a kind of grandeur." With his mood for history, Bath muses that some of the wood in his imported furniture "was in the trees when Menéndez was a boy."

If Bath's reproduction is something less than a Williamsburg reproduction —after all, he is no Rockefeller—still it is a good try, and it was enough to inspire both citizens and state to see that St. Augustine, with its fascinating heritage, could one day evoke the same flavor that wells out of New Orleans and Colonial Williamsburg. The trouble is the discordant notes and they are everywhere in town. Kodak signs, Christmas tree lights, and other impedimenta decorate the Musical Museum, which inhabits a red brick building opposite the Oliverios House, rediscovered on its original foundations in 1963. Woods and Antiques, once a beatnik espresso saloon, is currently festooned with baskets of fake flowers. Bath's Spanish Inn stands opposite a Museum of Yesterday's Toys that inhabits a house built by a Sergeant Rodriquez in the 1700s. The Don Pedro Josef Salcedo House has been leased to one C. Chao. A sign has been hung that says "Panaderia," which indicates that it may become a Spanish bakery. So far there is no action. Across the street, Mi Refugio, a Spanish and French pastry shop that offers Swiss chocolates and a décor of bullfight posters and a model of the Eiffel Tower, must, under its contract, begin serving Spanish food. Probably it will be Basque, a compromise with its French owner and the Spanish idiom.

Down by the Old Grist Mill where the water-wheel spins, visitors can buy tickets for the Toonerville train that rolls through town past seventy-two points of interest. Not excluded is a sagging shack, held together with chain, that is widely advertised as the oldest wooden schoolhouse in the country. It is either that or the crumbliest wooden shanty in the country.

And then there is Zorayda Castle, with its Oriental collection, in an air-conditioned reproduction of the Alhambra and operated by a displaced Lebanese. It was the first poured concrete structure in town and an early hotel. A wax museum houses such heroes of the Spanish opening of America as Babe Ruth, Attila the Hun, "Kit" Carson, Luther Burbank, Charles Lindbergh, and Rudolph Valentino. How Ponce de León and de Soto got in remains a his-

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torical mystery. Ripley's heirs, believe it or not, maintain a museum to trap the passing historian. And do not forget the alligator farm (including Galápagos tortoises, African ostriches, monkeys, birds, and wildcats), the marine studios, animal land, the Old Sugar Mill, and the Horseless Carriage Museum.

To lead the city out of the carny wastelands and back into the Spanish colonial age in which it was born, there is a committee and there is a plan. The St. Augustine Historical Restoration and Preservation Commission, authorized by the state, was formed in 1959, and Dr. Earle Newton, who had worked at Old Sturbridge Village, was brought in to direct it. The plan devised by Newton and his committee was drawn up four years ago. It called for the restoration of 200 buildings, a twenty-year project that would cost $20,000,000. The State of Florida, as interested in its lineage as anyone else, put up nearly $500,000 for research and planning to be expended over six years.

Paul Green, a specialist in historical outdoor dramas, was invited to write "The Cross and the Sword," a pageant presented now every night except Friday during the summer months. A 200-foot-high cross is being erected where Menéndez landed and the first mass that marked the beginning of Catholicism in the U.S. was said. Best of all, the Spanish government has created a stunning sixteenth-century building called Casa del Hidalgo. The furnishings, all copies, are typical of the style of Spanish colonial now being exported to the U.S. The walls are crisp white plaster, set off with wooden shutters, beamed ceilings, and tiled floors. The private chapel displays a handsome figurine of St. Antonio sent by the mayor of Avilés, the Spanish sister city of St. Augustine. Reproductions of the swords of Menéndez made in Toledo are laid out in splendor in glass cases. The real ones, now in the Naval Museum in Madrid, were, oddly enough, made in Solingen.

As the season progresses, it is the Spanish government's idea to offer Spanish lessons, show films on Spain, and maintain exhibits of Spanish rugs, Toledo steel, Majorcan glass, and other handsome products. Along the same street American companies with interests in Latin America have organized the Pan American Exhibition Center to promote the exchange of ideas and cultures. The diocese of St. Augustine, now inspired, too, is spending a reported $2,000,000 on its own commemorative center with a library and archives and a votive church. It is also polishing up the Cathedral of St. Augustine, which was completed late in the eighteenth century in a time known as the second Spanish period.

Fort after fort had been built by the Spaniards to protect their settlement, but, made of wood, they were easy targets for the pirate fleets. Finally, in 1696, they completed a stone fort called the Castillo de San Marcos which still stands and is administered today by the National Park Service. It had taken almost twenty-five years to build. Using coquina, the native shell stone, the architects sent the walls soaring thirty feet high, made them twelve feet thick. Indian labor was paid 12½ cents a day. The English sent at least two large forces against it, and there were other raids by Indians and pirates, but it never fell. Once the governor of South Carolina, leading a force of 500, took St. Augustine and held the fort under seige for fifty days. He never breached the fort, but he fired the town and took home 1,400 Indians and made them slaves. Later, when an English sea captain claimed he had been caught as a smuggler and his ear cut off, an international incident flared. The ear was pickled and sent to London, where it was inspected

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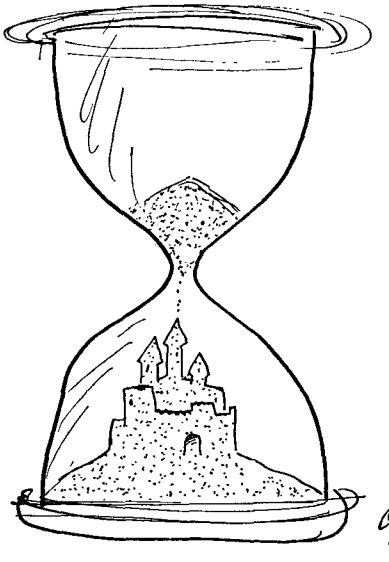
by Parliament. That body declared a war, which was called the War of Jenkins's Ear. James Oglethorpe, who had founded Georgia, set off with 900 men in thirteen ships. They set up a blockade, but the Spaniards broke it and got food from Havana. In a lightning raid they pounced on an encampment of Scottish Highlanders and destroyed it. Oglethorpe retreated, but after Britain ejected France from North America they gained Spanish Florida by treaty in 1763. They held it for only twenty years, until a new treaty returned it. The Spaniards took over again in 1783 and held on until 1821, but it was too much trouble and the territory was ceded to the United States.

The romance of the Spanish times has never been lost on the historians or the imaginative who have come to St. Augustine. When Henry M. Flagler, a pioneer merchant of travel, sent his railroads south through St. Augustine, he was quick to capture the essence of the city. The first excursion train puffed into town in 1886. Ten years later Flagler had three hotels in the town, the Ponce de León, the Alcazar, and the Cordova, all of them done in a fanciful style of Spanish baroque. The Ponce de León still operates today, although it limits itself to the short winter season. It is still a pure fanciful delight with its tiled roofs, the butterscotch woodwork, the stained glass windows, the gilded lions holding electric light bulbs in their mouths running along the cornices, murals of flimsily clad girls floating on the ceiling, a bit too cheesecakey for angels, but winged for all that. Somehow it brought memories of a parlor seen once in Brooklyn Heights, or that fussy pile, the Alfonso XIII in Seville, where the bellboys march through the gingerbread halls in white gloves like a platoon of boy soldiers on parade. And my! What a delightful change from the glass motels that edge into all of America's towns, bringing the wax museums and all that.

—HORACE SUTTON.



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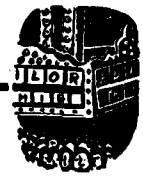

The Professionals

THE EXPERT professionalism of Bryan Forbes, a British director-screenwriter, becomes more apparent with each of his films (*The L-Shaped Room* and *Seance for a Wet Afternoon*, for example), and he hasn't, by any means, lost his touch by transferring his talents to Hollywood, where he made *King Rat*. The movie, which deals with the harrowing and sometimes gruesomely funny life in a Japanese prison camp outside Singapore during the final year of World War II, is almost always absorbing, directed with skill, and filled with fine performing by a cast of mainly British actors. Since the film is clearly superior to most of those that emerge from the California studios, and since it represents a bold, sharp kind of popular movie-making, one hesitates to complain. I'm not at all sure it is a complaint to say that Forbes is facile and clever and able to achieve responses from his audiences. That ought to be enough, and what else does one go to see a movie for, anyway?

The trouble is, probably, that Forbes is so close to being very good and maybe great that his work resembles that of the top directors, without his being on the same level. He's a little too slick for comfort, and tends to hang around the edges of sentimentality. With that reservation made and Mr. Forbes put in his, after all, quite respectable place, let me go on to say that *King Rat*, in terms of genre, occupies a middle ground somewhere between *Bridge on the River Kwai* and *Stalag 17*. As in the former, the personnel of the story are mainly British prisoners-of-war; as in the latter, an American noncom adjusts to prison life so well that he becomes the virtual king of the compound. While others are on the edge of starvation, their clothes in tatters, Corporal King (played by George Segal) has an ample supply of food, wears smartly pressed uniforms, and wheels and deals with prisoners and the Japanese enemy alike.

With the exception of George Segal, who has jumped to stardom with patently too little preparation, the acting is of the first order. James Fox, as a young flight lieutenant who joins with the corporal against his well-bred inclinations, and who is saved from dying by his temporary master, stands out from a superior crowd that includes Tom Courtenay, John Mills, Denholm Elliot, and James Donald. And, even Mr. Segal manages to make, touchingly, the ironic point of it all: that hate, an emotion stronger than love, can help people survive. On the other hand, simply because of Mr. Segal's nice, clean-cut, boyish look, Bryan Forbes's film is compromised. It's so hard to believe that he's a hard-hearted opportunist, if not a total heel, that one is tempted, rather, to view him as a curious kind of morale-builder. That's what I mean about the tendency of Bryan Forbes to soften up.

On the other hand, he couldn't very well have cast Steve McQueen, one of the best of American film actors, for the part, since he had already played something like it in *The Great Escape*. However, Steve McQueen has a well-fitting role in *The Cincinnati Kid* as a sort of hustler of the poker-playing circuits in New Orleans during the Thirties. McQueen, like Paul Newman, the pool-shooter of *The Hustler*, is a winner at gambling who, in the showdown, is a "loser." Until that final moment, when he'll either be the big man of table-stakes poker or fade into that vast group of those who never quite managed to make it, he's all solid nerve, a master of instant psychology, a genius at weighing the odds. What makes him fail? It's hard to say. The script by Ring Lardner, Jr., and Terry Southern doesn't really say, either. But Mr. McQueen, through his performance, suggests the answer. On the one hand, he's met a man bigger than himself, perhaps, in the elderly card shark played consummately by Edward G. Robinson; on the other hand, it's a flaw of character. Being basically a good guy, he insists on pursuing his own defeat. As "the Cincinnati Kid," Mr. McQueen gives uncommon depth to what might otherwise have been a run-of-the-mine type.

Norman Jewison, who, until now, hasn't impressed much as a director, here shows himself to have considerable flair. He is noticeably helped by Karl Malden, Tuesday Weld, Rip Torn, and Joan Blondell, and noticeably hindered by Ann-Margret, who, appearing as a sexy young gambler's wife, is, to put it gently, blunt and obvious. As for the story, not much to that; the young gambler hears that Lancey Howard (Robinson) is coming to town, and soon a poker game to end all poker games is being arranged. A nasty rich fellow wants to fix it so that McQueen wins, and he blackmails the dealer of the game into arranging the hands. The interest of the picture lies in the detail, rich and colorful, in one suspenseful poker sequence, and in Steve McQueen's fine handling of his role.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Russian Singers and American—Prêtre

FOR MANY who learned their Russian opera from recordings made in the USSR, it seems there has always been an Ivan Petrov. And to judge from his first New York appearance in a Philharmonic Hall recital, there always will be an Ivan Petrov. For all his years of singing, the voice is still a prime specimen of the Russian basso—big, rich, meaty, of a kind and quantity that has rarely been heard since the best days of Alexander Kipnis.

Petrov's wholly Russian program was carefully drawn to give the measure of some capacity or virtuosity in almost every item, from the opening group of Bulackhov, Gurilev, and Rentschitzki on through Glinka, Dargomijsky, Tchaikovsky, etc. First the items were fitted for size and volume, then in a manner to show the velvety evenness of his *mezza voce* up to an E which was not—as some might have suspected, a falsetto but a true *pianissimo*—down to a bottom B flat (in Sussanin's aria from Glinka's *Life for a Tsar*), and on through the rollicking kind of bravura required for the Miller's air from Dargomijsky's *Russalka*. It was all done with a beautiful command of the singer's art, with scarcely a trace of pressure, and with a pinpoint finesse in pitch that was the more remarkable for the rarity of a deviation here and there.

As an artist, Petrov left the impression rather more of a man who had learned all his lessons thoroughly and well than of one who had been touched with the rare gift of the true interpreter (as, for example, Kipnis was). Each song and aria was carefully differentiated as to mood and content, and those with a lyric sentiment were brushed with another shade of vocal color than the "I weep, I suffer" kind. However the dramatic effects tended to emerge from a very well studied range of dynamic effects rather than from a deep emotional urgency, pointed, more often than not, by a pattern of gestures most Western performers would consider antiquated. As a vocal technician, and the master of a wholly uncommon instrument, however, Petrov is a model that all male singers—not merely bassos—could emulate. His accompaniments were well played by Seymon Stuchevsky.

Two kinds of Russian opera—the real and the Metropolitan—have been running a parallel course lately, with an expectable kind of result: good fortune to Tchaikovsky from his countrymen, not so good from ours. This did not involve a mass influx from the Bolshoi, but merely soprano Galina Vishnevskaya and conductor Kiril Kondrashin. Incidental to the current visit of the Moscow Philharmonic to Carnegie Hall they devoted half an hour or so to the big scenes for soprano and orchestra from *Eugene Onegin* and *Pique Dame*, thereby clarifying what has been wrong, musically, with the Metropolitan's recent ventures with these scores—in two words, almost everything.

It was not merely that Vishnevskaya sang in Russian and Kondrashin conducted in an equally authentic manner, rather than in an approximation of an authentic manner. She also sang with the right kind of voice, mind, and heart to project the emotional turmoil of Tatiana and the passionate uncertainty of Lisa, with a wide range of dynamic resources and the full beauty of sound to differentiate the lightness and longing of the one from the darkness and despair of the other. Here, manifestly, is an artist who has not been content to be—as she was at her first appearances here in 1960—temperamentally arresting if vocally fallible. She has improved her command of a basically fine voice to the point where any list of the world's great singers must include, among the top half-dozen, Galina Vishnevskaya.

It would be unreasonable to demand of the Metropolitan that it produce a fine Tatiana and Lisa in the same person (and an English-speaking one as well). However, as it is only giving *Pique Dame* this season, a real embodiment for the one part would be acceptable. At the season's third performance, which showed an expected amount of settling down from the uncertainties of the premiere (reported upon in the October 16 issue of *SR*), Teresa Stratas, as Lisa, was in appreciably better command of the vocal problem than she had been earlier. But she remains at a disadvantage in being forced to carry the burden of so heavy a part on her small frame and slender shoulders, and the plausibility of the drama suffers accordingly. The lyricism that Jon Vickers has striven to develop for Gherman's music is evidence of this artist's responsible attitude toward his work; more of the same, in his dramatic characterization, would earn additional thanks.

However, the whole project took a turn in a less favorable direction when Stratas, with other roles pending, was relieved for the fourth performance by young Felicia Weathers. The rationale of presenting this young Negro singer at her Metropolitan debut in a part that is a challenge to the most mature artist can only be termed an irrational. Basically, the Weathers voice is a good one, and for one of her small frame—it appeared that the costumes worn by Stratas had to be taken *in*—altogether unusual. There are, possibly, some roles she could meet on equal terms—Lauretta in *Gianni Schicchi*, perhaps, or Liù in *Turandot*—but to put her forward in a part of this magnitude is to disserve the performer as well as the part. Loretta Di Franco, a former member of the chorus who was an Auditions winner last spring, made her debut in the suitably small role of Chloë (in the second act pastorale). Hers is a lovely pure soprano sound and she uses it well.

Georges Prêtre's area of advantage to the Metropolitan broadened a bit with his first venture as the conductor of a Verdi opera in New York. To be sure, there was some resistance in the work itself, for *Il Trovatore* can hardly be included in the category of a "conductor's opera." But there were indications even so that such acts of conscience as precise rhythms, a pattern of dynamics reasonably close to those prescribed by the composer, and a relationship among the orchestral sections that did not settle for the commonest kind of "big guitar" effect could yield benefits in a score as much played, if not necessarily well played, as this one.

At this first performance, Prêtre had his greatest success in animating those parts of the score that took in the ensemble rather than the principals. The first scene was particularly well done, thanks to an excellent effort by John Macurdy as Ferrando, the attention the the chorus paid to its director, and a general sense of purpose that prevailed. This was present, too, in the Anvil Chorus. However, when Prêtre had Robert Merrill to deal with as di Luna, or Flaviano Labò alone or in duet with his "mother" Irene Dalis (as Azucena) the amount of influence he could exert tended to diminish. The Leonora was Gabriella Tucci, whose manner is more than a mite placid for this kind of role.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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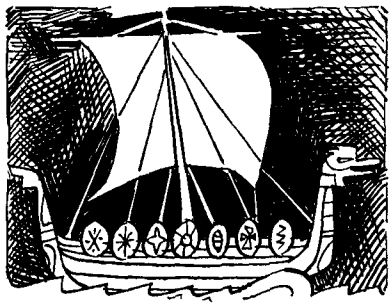

—Doug Anderson.

SR / Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Science in Journals • Letters to the Science Editor

ARTICLE: A Proposal for a Yearly Presidential Report on Science

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

WHAT DID THE NORSEMEN DISCOVER?

THE DISCOVERY of habitable land in the Western Hemisphere of planet earth is celebrated officially by the people of the United States of America on the twelfth day of each October, thereby keeping alive the myth that a tall, handsome, red-haired Italian sailor named Christopher Columbus alone shifted the course of human affairs through a mild flirtation with the tall, beautiful, red-haired Queen Isabella.

Columbus's wit and sex appeal undoubtedly did help persuade the Queen to give him the three small ships in which he crossed the Atlantic in 1492. Daring men often do play supporting roles on the grand stage of planetary evolution. But there is excellent reason to suppose that the real finding of the American land mass came about primarily through operation of natural forces on a cosmic scale. Though men propelled by these forces used what imagination they had to make the most of a compulsive situation, the extent of human control over the circumstances was, by comparison, puny.

The rocks bear too clear a report of alternating drought and flood to leave any reasonable doubt that life on earth has surged and ebbed at the will of the sun and its offspring, the wind and the rain. Everyone knows how the ice sheets buried vast reaches of land for millennia. Not so much heed is paid, unfortunately, to the way nature has pushed man around during, say, the last 5,000 years.

The few who have thought ingeniously about the record find in it convincing evidence that the tidal pulls of the sun and moon have governed man's whereabouts considerably. In 1912 the distinguished Swedish oceanographer Otto Pettersson worked out a theory relating cyclic overturns of cold water in the deep sea to variations in climate. He postulated two cycles, one 1,800 years long and the other nine years long. His argument so profoundly impressed the late Rachel Carson that she built a chapter on it in her modern science classic, *The Sea Around Us*. According to Pettersson's theory, the third or fourth century B.C. should have been the stormy climax of an 1,800-year cycle. In summing his evidence, Miss Carson noted that already about 700 B.C.:

> The trade routes for amber, found on the coasts of the North Sea, were suddenly shifted to the east. The old route came down along the Elbe, the Weser, and the Danube, through the Brenner Pass to Italy. The new route followed the Vistula, suggesting that the source of supply was then the Baltic.

After passage of several hundreds of years:

> There are shadowy hints in early literature and folklore. The dark and brooding poetry of the Edda deals with a great catastrophe, the Fimbul-winter or Götterdämmerung, when frost and snow ruled the world for generations. When Pytheas journeyed to the seas north of Iceland in 330 B.C., he spoke of the *mare pigrum*, a sluggish, congealed sea. Early history contains striking suggestions that the restless movements of the tribes of northern Europe—the southward migrations of the "barbarians" who shook the power of Rome—coincided with periods of storms, floods, and other climatic catastrophes that forced their migrations. Large-scale inundations of the sea destroyed the homelands of the Teutons and Cimbrians in Jutland and sent them southward into Gaul. Tradition among the Druids said that their ancestors had been expelled from their lands on the far side of the Rhine by enemy tribes and by "a great invasion of the ocean."

The tidal effect reached a minimum about A.D. 500, and a period of "benevolent climate" prevailed for some centuries after that. Miss Carson continued her recital:

> Snow and ice were little known on the coast of Europe and in the seas about Iceland and Greenland. Then the Vikings sailed freely over northern seas, monks went back and forth between Ireland and "Thyle" or Iceland, and there was easy intercourse between Great Britain and the Scandinavian countries. When Eric the Red voyaged to Greenland, according to the Sagas, [the poetic folk histories of Iceland] he "came from the sea to land at the middle glacier—from thence he went south along the coast to see if the land was habitable. The first year he wintered on Erik's Island. . . ." This was probably in the year 984. There is no mention in the Sagas that Eric was hampered by drift ice in the several years of his exploration of the island; nor is there mention of drift ice anywhere about Greenland, or between Greenland and Wineland.

"Wineland, the good," or "Vinland," was the designation the Saga writers used for the land which Eric the Red's son, Leif, discovered south of Greenland.

The Viking voyages to America were made about the year A.D. 1,000, as the tidal cycle was slowly swinging back toward storm and cold. Quoting again from *The Sea Around Us*:

> In the thirteenth century the Sagas contain for the first time a warning that those who sail for Greenland should not make the coast too directly west of Iceland on account of the ice in the sea, but no new route is then recommended. At the end of the fourteenth century, however, the old sailing route was abandoned and new sailing directions were given for a more southwesterly course that would avoid the ice.

Driven south by the freeze-over of the Arctic Ocean, their normal hunting

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ground, Eskimos attacked the Icelandic settlements further south in Greenland, and these gradually shriveled and died. Miss Carson wrote:

> Perhaps the fate of the Greenland colonies was in part due to the fact that ships from Iceland and Europe were finding it increasingly difficult to reach Greenland, and the colonists had to be left to their own resources. . . . Old Icelandic records say that, in the winters of the early 1300s, packs of wolves crossed on the ice from Norway to Denmark. The entire Baltic froze over, forming a bridge of solid ice between Sweden and the Danish islands.

The Vikings plainly had no idea of what they were up against. In the Icelandic Sagas are repeated references to Leif Ericson's refusal to sell the house he had built in Wineland. He was willing to lend the place to others who undertook the southern voyage; but he wouldn't sell at any price. Obviously, he thought he owned a piece of the future.

Where Leif's house had stood remained a mystery for hundreds of years. The trouble lay in interpretation of the Sagas. The Vikings were noted as carousers, and most of those who read of their adventures long afterwards assumed a Norse fascination with any source of strong drink. One of the points of high excitement in the Sagas was the momentary disappearance of a German favorite of Leif's who had gone off alone to explore the Wineland countryside. This German had returned to Leif's American headquarters in a state of great agitation and reported finding vines laden with ripe fruit.

As a consequence, the search for Wineland concentrated for many years in latitudes suitable to the growing of grapes. Cape Cod was the likeliest spot, for the Sagas always emphasized that the trip from Greenland to Wineland was not a long one. Martha's Vineyard was another possibility; Long Island, too; the Hudson valley, and Virginia.

THROUGHOUT this protracted and vain search a minority opinion persisted. It held that the Saga writers never intended to emphasize Wineland as a tippler's paradise. Indeed, the word *vin* had been misread to connote *wine* when its real meaning obviously was the old Norse sense of "grass" or "grazing lands." For the Sagas made much of the friskiness of Viking horses after feeding in the Wineland meadows. Besides, the Sagas did not say that the German who found the vines that day was inebriated; he was merely elated. Anyhow, intoxication isn't a normal result of even gluttonous intake of fresh grapes!

Among the doubters who raised these questions were Swedish philologist Sven Soderberg, Finnish scholar-explorer Vaino Tanner, and a Newfoundland student of Norse literature—W. A. Munn. The latter two picked Pistolet Bay on the Newfoundland shore as a site for examination but turned up no trace of Viking occupation.

THERE had been in existence since the year 1570 a map of the north (it is the middle map on the page opposite this one) drawn by Sigurdur Stefansson. It placed Iceland in a "glacial sea" midway between Norway, the original home of the Vikings, and Greenland. South and west of Greenland (which was represented as a large peninsula protruding from a continuous coastline framing most of the top and the full left side of the map, as ice may have framed the North Atlantic during the stormy phase of the climatic cycle that prevailed when the map was drawn) were small peninsulas marked "Helleland," "Markland," and "Skralinge Land" (about which more will be said here later). To the immediate east of "Skralinge Land," separated from it by a narrow gulf, between 50 and 55 degrees latitude at the bottom of the map across the sea from England, was a long northward-pointing finger of land marked "Vinland promontory."

This Stefansson map and Sven Soderberg's interpretation of the name Vinland in the Icelandic Sagas fit neatly together in the thinking of Helge Ingstad, a lawyer who had served as Governor of icy Spitsbergen island. Twelve years ago he and his wife, Anne Stine, an archeologist, were cruising the west coast of Greenland in a small boat when they came upon excavations of what was believed to be the farm of Thorfinn Karlsefni, who rented Leif Ericson's house in Vinland as an operations base for the first attempt at permanent settlement in America. One of the artifacts Ingstad saw at the Karlsefni farm site was a quartzite arrowhead familiar in Newfoundland and Labrador but not in Greenland. The Karlsefni farm diggings also brought up a lump of anthracite coal, again not native to Greenland, Iceland or Norway.

Ingstad determined to try to learn the truth about the Viking discovery of America and to document it beyond reasonable doubt. Using his own funds and those of interested friends and associates in Scandinavia, he undertook a search by water and by air for three primary clues: berry- as well as grape-bearing vines, outcrops of hard coal, and elevated terraces just inland from beaches —land that once had been seashore, then had been covered with ice, and finally had risen above the sea as the ice melted.

Starting in New England to dispose of the old grapevine controversy, he found both grapes and berries but no Norse ruins near either. Along the coast of Rhode Island, he found anthracite, but still no Viking relics. He rounded Nova Scotia and came to Newfoundland. On its northern tip, behind the two Sacred Islands on the eastern shore of Sacred Bay, an old marine terrace lay twelve feet above sea level. Overgrown with vegetation, yet clearly outlined in the ground, were rectangular shapes.

A small stream, which the natives called Black Duck Brook, splashed past the buried rectangles through willow thickets to the bayshore. Ingstad followed the brook uphill to its source in a lake. Looking out to sea from there, Ingstad noticed that the low tide left the bottom of the bay visible for a considerable distance. To the north he could see a cape, with islands beyond. Ingstad recalled that in the Icelandic *Flatey Book's* description of the place where Leif Ericson had landed in America, reference was made to an island and a cape north of a bay in which the ships ran aground at low tide. This bay was fed by a stream that flowed from a lake.

In 1961, and again in 1962 and 1963, Ingstad returned to the tiny fishing village of L'Anse au Meadow (Bay of the Meadow) with a crew of Icelandic, Norwegian and Swedish archeologists to dig into the terrace where the rectangles broke the surface. Bit by bit, turf footing of walls of nine buildings were unearthed, two of them thirty feet long and a third seventy feet long and fifty-five feet wide, with half a dozen rooms around a great hall with a central hearth. Across the brook from this settlement, a stone anvil and clustered chunks of bog iron—apparently leavings from an ancient forge—were discovered, near a buried heap of charred wood that could have supplied charcoal for the smithy. Radioactive carbon dating placed the age of the ruins and relics between 900 and 1,000 years: the Viking period.

During a lull in these investigations, Ingstad cruised northward from L'Anse au Meadow on a reverse course from the one the Vikings had followed. Near Cape Porcupine, in Labrador, he measured thirty miles of unbroken sandy beach. Here, he concluded, were the "marvelstrands" the Icelandic Sagas remarked on because of the long time it took to sail past them. Labrador, then, was the Markland of the Vikings.

Now the Premier of the Province of Newfoundland, Joseph Smallwood, is one of the most dynamic political figures in Canada. Having seen to it that some of Newfoundland's tax money helped finance the L'Anse au Meadow excavations (the national government of Canada helped, too, through its Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources and the Royal Canadian Air Force and Navy—as did the Arctic Institute and the National Geographic Society), Mr. Smallwood appointed an old friend and confidant, Dr. Raymond Gu-

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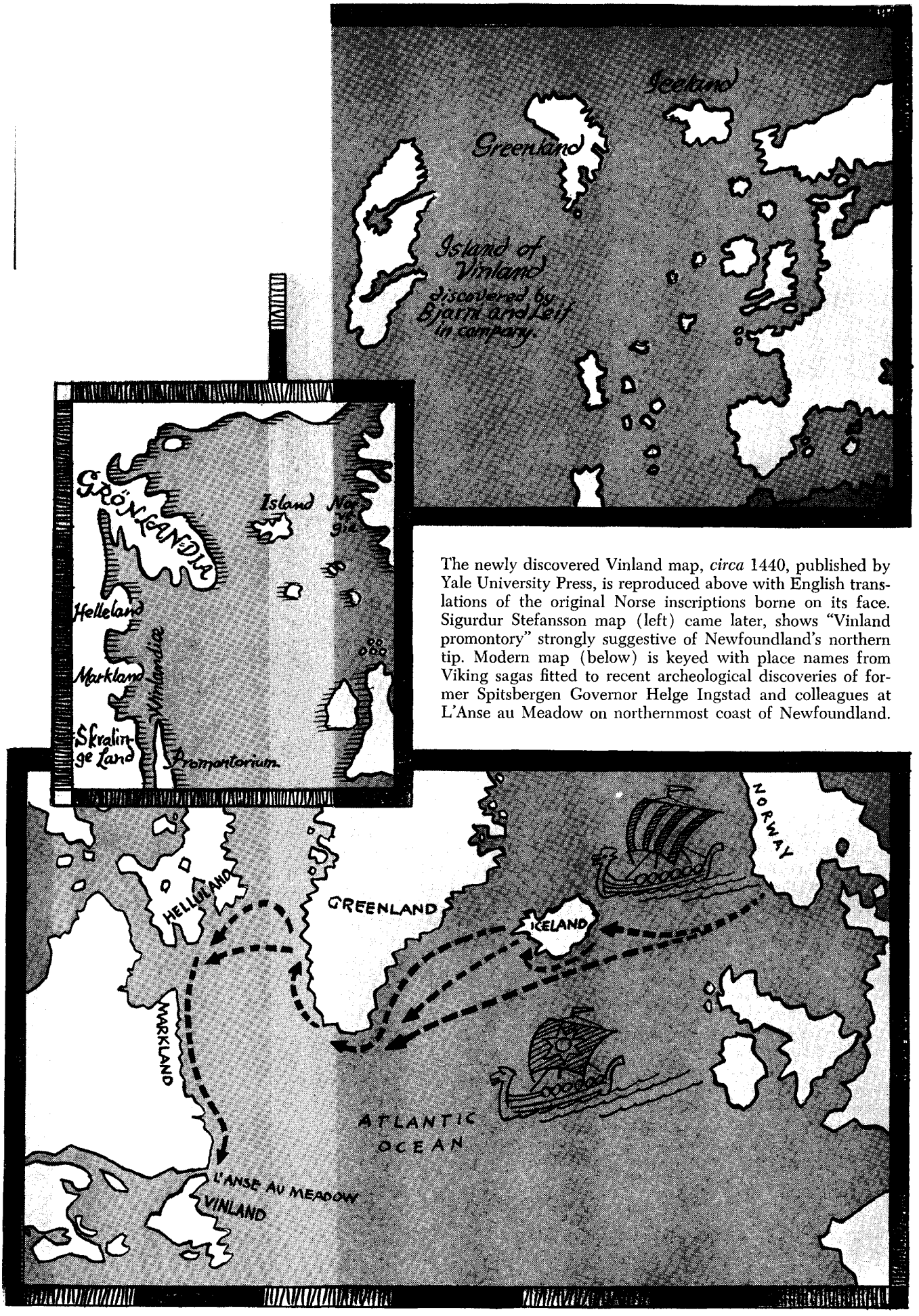

The newly discovered Vinland map, *circa* 1440, published by Yale University Press, is reproduced above with English translations of the original Norse inscriptions borne on its face. Sigurdur Stefansson map (left) came later, shows "Vinland promontory" strongly suggestive of Newfoundland's northern tip. Modern map (below) is keyed with place names from Viking sagas fitted to recent archeological discoveries of former Spitsbergen Governor Helge Ingstad and colleagues at L'Anse au Meadow on northernmost coast of Newfoundland.

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shue, president of Memorial University at St. John's, as head of a committee to oversee the Viking ruins. A road was built to link the isolated Sacred Bay neighborhood with the world beyond, and rough wooden sheds were constructed over the Ingstad diggings to stave off the weather. Canada's first century of existence would be celebrated in 1967, and Mr. Smallwood hoped to cap the centennial excitement by dedicating a new Viking museum at L'Anse au Meadow. As soon as Ingstad could publish a scientific report establishing the facts to the satisfaction of the scientific community, work on the museum would proceed.

Dr. Gushue and his committee were quietly waiting for the necessary report when, on Columbus Day 1965, an unexpected hurrah from Yale University at New Haven, Connecticut, shook the newspapers. A map that had been drawn, in brownish ink, on a sheet of parchment eleven by sixteen inches in size, about A.D. 1440, was placed on public display that day in the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library at Yale. Yale Librarian James Tanis described the parchment as "the most exciting single acquisition of the Yale Library in modern times, exceeding in significance even Yale's Gutenberg Bible and Bay Psalm Book." Yale's map curator Alexander O. Vietor called the map "the greatest treasure of the Yale Map Collection, which includes the famous Martellus Map of 1489 depicting the world of Columbus."

On this precious parchment the outlines of the then known world appeared. Asia and Europe were there, northern Africa, England, Iceland, an astonishingly accurate sketch of Greenland, and, west of Greenland, a large island deeply indented at three places on its eastern shore and marked "Island of Vinland, discovered by Bjarni and Leif in company." Spanning Greenland and Vinland at the map's top was a legend which repeated the statement about Bjarni and Leif and added that "Eric, legate of the Apostolic See, and bishop of Greenland," had reached Vinland Island "in the last year of our most blessed father Pascal."

Who was the Bjarni named in this map legend as a companion of Leif the Lucky? He is mentioned at the beginning of the Vinland Sagas in the Icelandic *Flatey Book*. Bjarni was Bjarni Herjolfsson, a great-grandson of one of Iceland's earliest settlers. Some Norse scholars have inferred from the *Flatey Book* text that Bjarni first sighted land in the New World (sailing close enough to it to make out woods and low hills without actually landing) while lost in fog before a north wind en route from Iceland to Greenland. The *Flatey Book* says he later sold his boat to Leif Ericson for the Vinland voyage.

So the beginning of the 1440 map legend added nothing to the record of Viking exploration except to confirm the confusion that existed in the minds of the Norsemen's descendants over Bjarni's role. The latter part of the map legend, however, contributed a definite date, in ecclesiastical terms that ring of truth.

"Eric . . ., bishop of Greenland" was Bishop Eirik Gnupsson, whose visit to Vinland is noted in a number of Icelandic chronicles, including the Icelandic Annals. The Annals fix the year of his going as A.D. 1121. But "our most blessed father Pascal" would have been Pope Paschal II, who died in A.D. 1118. Paschal's last year in office, then, would have been the year 1117. Since the Bishop went to Vinland as the Pope's envoy (a fact not known before discovery of the 1440 map) and "proceeded in most humble obedience" after returning to Greenland, he may have gone on to Rome to report on his mission to Pope Paschal II's successor in the Vatican. As R. A. Skelton, map curator at the British Museum, observed in the Yale University Press book (*The Vinland Map and The Tartar Relation*) that contains the map of 1440, examination of sources in the Vatican library could turn up much valuable new information.

The Vinland Map and The Tartar Relation mentioned the Ingstad excavations in Newfoundland sparingly because of the absence of any report in the scientific literature from Ingstad. Word of this traveled with almost mystical speed over the intelligence system that keeps Premier Smallwood advised of everything touching on Newfoundland, and within a week a letter was on its way from Dr. Gushue to Ingstad.

As these words are written, Ingstad's reply to the Premier's summons is not yet received. Meanwhile, it can be reported independently that *The Vinland Map and The Tartar Relation* contains within it more encouragement for the Ingstad thesis than can be read in the scant formal attention paid to Ingstad's project. The encouragement lies in interpretation of the word "Skraeling" which the Icelandic Sagas use in referring to Vinland natives encountered by the Vikings. Most modern studies of the Viking explorations translate "Skraeling" to mean either Eskimo or Indian. In *The Vinland Map and The Tartar Relation*, "Skraeling" always reads "Eskimo."

Three American archeological authorities have already scrutinized the L'Anse au Meadow ruins at the request of the National Geographic Society: Dr. William E. Taylor, Jr., chief archeologist for the National Museum of Canada; Dr. Junius Bird of the American Museum of Natural History in New York; and Dr. Henry B. Collins, of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C. *SR*'s science editor asked Dr. Collins for his opinion, and is pleased to receive this reply exclusively for *SR*'s readers:

> In one respect, the Icelandic Sagas are consistent and explicit: namely, in the description of the Skraelings, the native inhabitants of Vinland and Markland. Whenever the Skraelings are mentioned . . . their physical appearance, boats, clothing, houses, weapons, food . . . the description is of Eskimos. For example:
>
> Every reference in the Sagas to the boats of the Skraelings says that the boats were of skin. The Skraelings came "in skin-canoes, and staves were brandished from the boats, with a noise like flails, and they were revolved in the same direction in which the sun moves . . ." These "staves" were the double-bladed paddles used by Eskimos in *kayaks*. The Norsemen had found "three skin-canoes, with three men under each." These canoes would be *umiaks*, the skin-covered open boat the Eskimos used when travelling and under which they slept at night.
>
> Having killed eight of the nine Skraelings sleeping under the boats, the Norsemen "discovered within the firth certain hillocks, which they concluded must be habitations." A "hillock" would be an accurate description of the Eskimo turf-covered underground house.
>
> In another account the Norsemen "found five Skraelings, clad in skin-doublets, lying asleep near the sea. There were vessels beside them, containing animal marrow, mixed with blood." A "skin-doublet" would be an apt description of the short skin coat worn by the eastern Eskimos, and animal marrow mixed with blood is a favorite Eskimo food.
>
> The Skraelings are described in the Sagas as "swarthy men, and ill-looking, and the hair of their heads was ugly. They had great eyes, and were broad of cheek." This description, though not too explicit, suggest Eskimo rather than Indian, as does the further statement that one of the Skraelings was bearded, for the Indians wore no beards.
>
> The Skraelings are said to have had "war slings," with which they hurled missiles . . . clearly a reference to the Eskimo throwing—board or spear—thrower.
>
> If I am correct in interpreting the ethnological evidence in the Sagas as indicating that the Skraelings were Eskimos, then the southern-most location for Vinland is Newfoundland.

In concluding this chronicle of the discovery of America, one point of continuing interest deserves mention. Otto Pettersson's theory of climatic cycles, it will be recalled, specified two cycles—one 1,800 years in duration, the other nine years long. The next extreme of the 1,800-year cycle falls in A.D. 2400. The next extreme of the nine-year cycle is due in 1966, after half a decade of drought along the seacoast the Vikings found.

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ITT Scientist awarded medal by Franklin Institute for being 25 years ahead of his time.

Twenty-five years ago Alec Reeves, ITT scientist, invented the system which allowed the recent Mariner IV spacecraft to transmit television pictures from Mars to Earth. It's called Pulse Code Modulation or PCM.

Only now, 25 years later, has science, with the introduction of transistor devices and other semiconductors, caught up with PCM's great potential.

PCM, of course, was never intended for outer space projects. It was a way to slice a telephone call, a television picture or other electric communication into pieces or "bits." These then could be transmitted long distances and reconstructed instantaneously at the receiving end.

Today PCM permits multiple telephone conversations to be sent simultaneously over a single line facility. It's already installed in England and widely used in the United States.

For his remarkable idea, Alec Reeves was awarded this year's Stuart Ballantine Medal of the Franklin Institute.

Helping people and nations communicate, that's a vital part of the work of all the people at ITT, world's largest international supplier of electronic and telecommunication equipment.

International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, New York, N.Y.

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LUMINOUS SPIDERWEBS OF HEAVEN

—Benson Fogle, Geophysical Institute, Alaska.

First known photograph of noctilucent clouds in the Southern Hemisphere.

MORE than 1,000 times in the last eight decades, men living in latitudes above 45 degrees (in the Western Hemisphere that would be north of the Great Lakes and south of the Argentine pampas) have seen, high in the heavens on summer nights, clouds of light so dim and wispy as to seem constructed of spiders' webbing.

Into an utterly clear and transparent sky these apparitions have come suddenly, either not long after the sun had sunk under the horizon or not long before it had risen.

The moon has shone clearly through them, nor have the stars been in the least obscured.

Sometimes the light has fled within minutes of its arrival, leaving behind no noticeable trace. Sometimes it has spread across the whole width of the twilight or the dawn, brightening as it grew and hanging in place for hours.

Always white this light has been, occasionally tinged with blue.

Noctilucent.

Visible at night.

That's all that science can say with certainty about these rare, mysterious visitations, which

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may be better identified before the end of the winter we are now entering.

The scientific literature reports the first observation in the year 1885, by the Russians, who watched the strange light patterns more closely than anyone else for a number of years. Within a few months of that first sighting, the Germans—also prominent in the earliest observations—calculated the height at which the phenomena were occurring and found it to be a few miles under the bottommost skirts of the aurora. The average estimate was about fifty miles above earth's surface. Since then English, Polish, Swiss, Scottish, Welsh, Irish, Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, Icelandic, Canadian, and American scientists have seen a total of 1,034 patches of noctilucent cloud in the northern hemisphere between forty-five and fifty-seven miles up. So the average altitude today remains (at eighty-two kilometers) where the Germans fixed it eighty years ago.

Apparently the clouds are never visible below a latitude of 45.5 degrees. The Russians (they set up a string of 200 observing stations in 1957, five years before the first American expression of interest) watched through 700 cloudless summer nights at Ashkabad (37.5 degrees) in 1958 with nothing to show for the vigil, and an experienced American observer, Keith D. Baker, had similar luck on a shorter watch at Hanover, New Hampshire. The regions immediately surrounding the pole are likewise barren of noctilucent phenomena, the northernmost of which occur at 77 degrees.

The twilight appearance, plus the altitude and the latitude limits, add to one clear conclusion: noctilucent clouds are lighted by the sun when the sun is 6 to 16 degrees below the horizon (see sketch, page 56).

Of what fabric are the clouds made—what is so filmy and evanescent yet able to reflect light rays?

The most satisfying assumption is an aggregation of crystals.

The clouds that pass overhead every day, casting shadows on the earth below, are formations of crystals. And certain types of them, the *cirrus* and the *cirrostratus*, are textured very much like the noctilucent clouds. But the clouds that float near the earth are plainly not the same as the noctilucent clouds because when the noctilucent clouds appear the commoner clouds can be seen as silhouettes against the dark background of sky.

Now the Russians have seen the distant night-shining wanderers as early in the year as March 5; the clouds have also been observed as late as October 29. But no sign of noctilucence was detected from November to March during a three-year watch at the Geophysical Institute of the University of Alaska at College, Alaska. Statistical analysis of the 1,034 northern hemisphere sightings recorded from 1885 through 1964 shows a peak frequency on July 10, twenty days after the summer solstice, and 78 per cent of all the observations fall after the solstice.

DOES science know of anything special that is happening fifty miles up in the sky during the northern summer?

Yes. Something quite special and seemingly contradictory. Rocket soundings have discovered that at that height the coldest temperatures of the year come in the summertime.

In other words, the circumstances most favorable for formation of ice crystals exist in summer at the very places where the noctilucent clouds flit.

To have ice, however, water must be present, either as liquid or as vapor.

To explain the noctilucent clouds, then, some scientists have inferred, from other observations, a steady upward current of water vapor through the stratosphere and the mesosphere above it into the mesopause.

EVEN if the water vapor is there, though, crystals aren't likely to form except around solid nucleii of microscopic size.

Where would hosts of such tiny particles originate?

They might be strewn by meteors falling through the atmosphere and eroding by friction en route.

Some scientists think the meteor dust alone makes up the noctilucent clouds. It could be true if enough of the dust particles were of the same size as the wavelengths of visible light from the sun.

Those who follow this latter argument do so because they cannot believe that the necessary amount of water vapor would survive the mesopause. For the mesopause lies directly under the thermosphere, which is bombarded incessantly by the fiercest rays of the sun's light—the extreme ultraviolet and the X-rays. In the boiling cauldron of the thermosphere, molecules of the atmosphere's constituent gases (mostly nitrogen and oxygen but also hydrogen,

—Photo by K. Devine.

Noctilucent cloud: Fort Chimo, Quebec.

—Photo by C. Brosnikoff.

Over Ft. St. John, British Columbia.

—Photo by J. Gardey.

Over Anchorage, Alaska.

—Photo by J. Zoller.

Over Anchorage, Alaska.

—Photo by Benson Fogle.

Over College, Alaska.

—Photo by Y. Gotaas.

Over College, Alaska.

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helium, carbon, and others) split into atoms and the electrons of the atoms are stripped away from the nucleii. At an altitude of sixty miles, it is estimated that an oxygen atom will remain dissociated for a month before recombining; at seventy miles, the reconstitution process is assumed to take a year.

How could water vapor continue to hold together as water even as far down as the mesopause? Would it not be separated into hydrogen and oxygen before it had time to freeze into crystals?

These are very much more than abstract theoretical questions. They are among the master keys to long-range weather forecasting and understanding of climatic change.

Present-day study of the weather ends for most practical purposes about twenty miles above the earth. The atmosphere below that level works like a convective heat engine, first transmitting sunlight to the planet's surface and then catching the infrared rays as they bounce back skyward. Water vapor does the major heat-trapping job, forming clouds and precipitating rain and releasing energy as heat and light.

The mechanics of the upper atmosphere, insofar as these are known at all, seem to run opposite to the indirections of the lower atmosphere. In the upper atmosphere, in the thermosphere especially, the intense energies of ultraviolet and X-rays are captured directly and put into an enormous storage battery the design of which science has not yet figured out. The chemical elements of the atmosphere are broken up, recombined, and broken up again; energy is transferred in each of these transactions; sometimes heat is released, generating enormously powerful winds that blow in opposite directions very short distances apart; and sometimes light is freed, causing the upper air to glow at night.

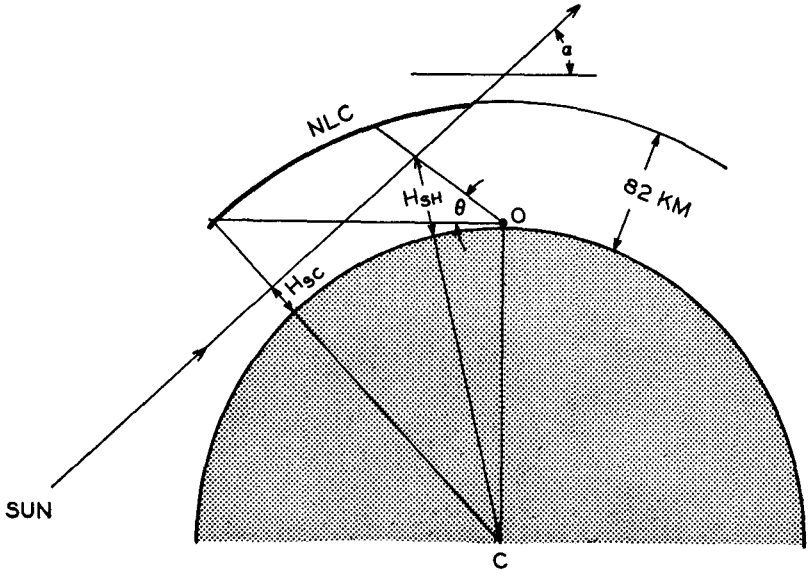
Much has been learned about the contradictory behavior of very high altitude winds and solar-lunar tides through study of the trails of falling meteors. It may be that the delicate filigree of noctilucent clouds, hanging in the little explored realm between the not yet related uppermost and lowermost atmospheres, will be the thread with which science finally ties the two together.

Although last among the major nations of earth to sense the ultimate potential of noctilucent cloud research, American scientists are now engaged in intensive experiments. The National Science Foundation is financing a project headed by Dr. Benson Fogle at University of Alaska's Geophysical Institute. Out of this work has come a historical survey of noctilucent cloud sightings, a report on the current state of knowledge, and a guidebook for noctilucent cloud observers. American, Canadian, and Icelandic weathermen, and pilots of jet planes traveling Pan-American, Alaskan, and British Overseas Aircraft Corporation routes across the northland are cooperating in a continuous watch. Observations to date indicate that at times noctilucent cloud formations may circle the pole.

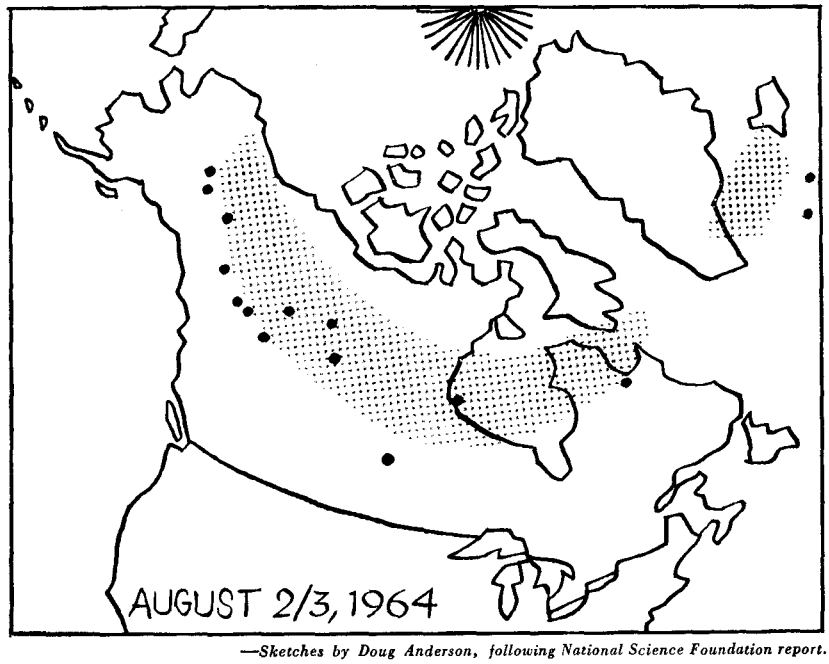
The movement of the clouds has been measured, and found to trend southwest at speeds ranging from one to eight miles per minute. Rocket samples of the clouds contain dust particles, the largest of which are ice-coated.

It is assumed that formation of such tenuous clouds would be impossible without instability of the atmosphere below them and a certain kind and degree of stability above them. But the reason for the veils, bands, waves, and whirls that dominate the cloud patterns are as mysterious as ever. The color photograph reproduced on page 54 of this issue of *SR* is believed to be the first taken in the Southern Hemisphere. Dr. Fogle took it on the night of January 9/10, 1965, at Punta Arenas in Chile. The time was the southern polar summer. The success of this expedition has encouraged the World Meteorological Organization to form a network of fifty-two observing stations between 45 degrees south latitude and the southern pole. Only nine sightings are on record in that vast region. Extensive study will enable comparisons of what happens there with what happens in the north. As always with basic science, no one knows what new knowledge may be shaken out of these lofty, luminous spiderwebs.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.



ARC OF COLOR in sketch above marks region of visibility of noctilucent clouds. Angle "a" must be between 6 and 16 degrees because sun's rays must clear screen of earth's atmosphere (Hsc) and earth's shadow (Hsh).



—Sketches by Doug Anderson, following National Science Foundation report.

Color band defines zone of noctilucent cloud observations on one night.

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A PROPOSAL FOR A YEARLY PRESIDENTIAL REPORT ON SCIENCE

A Strategy Document for the Public Enlightenment

By WILLIAM D. CAREY

IF I were obliged to make a list of the most urgent problems facing the Congress of the United States in the field of its organization and functions, I doubt very much that I would rank science at the head of the list. So much for perspective.

I think we have been more critical of the behavior of Congress in dealing with science than the facts justify. Where the major commitments of the government are concerned—atomic energy, extraterrestrial space, defense, and medical research—by my standards the Congress has acquitted itself well. It is chiefly, I believe, in the less articulate sectors of the research program that some stresses and dissatisfactions have cropped up. Beyond this, we have observed in some quarters a growing passion to focus "science policy"—vaguely defined—in the higher reaches of legislative structure.

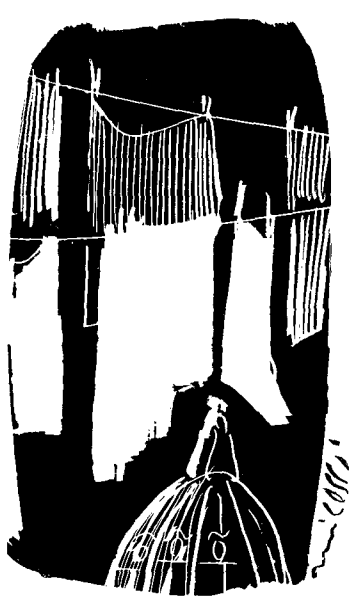
It must be said, sadly enough, that the scientific community itself has not always shown enthusiasm for improving Congressional understanding of the research business. This was brought home to me a couple of years ago when I spoke before a large assemblage of research scientists and administrators. I appeared coincidentally with the first stirrings of the crisis of congressional confidence in the growth and coordination of research. And I remember clearly that one individual after another rose to voice dismay at the prospect of the Congress injecting itself into inquiries into these matters. How can we prevent this from happening? What can be done to head it off? How can we keep research out of politics?

To me this signified a state of mind that regarded research and development as untouchable, to be screened at all costs from legislative caprice. Research was doing nicely under the wing of the Executive, and only trouble could result by tempting Congress to upset the equilibrium. It did not seem to occur to them that Congressional oversight could manifest itself in a constructive form.

I think that much of this mentality has now subsided in the wake of the work of the special committees of inquiry, which took high ground. There have been no scandals, no public executions, and few indictments. There will always be the risk that a member of Congress will show exasperation with the moon program or research into the mating habits of frogs, and that someone may twist an arm or two to influence the location of a plush research facility. But these risks are within the parameters of normalcy.

Still, I take the view that such tensions as have existed between the research brotherhood and the Congress cannot all be blamed on the latter. Some of the cohorts of science appear to have wanted all the prerogatives of a state religion without any of the embarrassments. This, too, I trust, has waned.

In addressing the question of how to equip the Congress to deal effectively with science, I am not bemused with the thought that it is necessary to foist a spate of new committees or institutional innovations on an already overloaded and overstructured legislative body. By my lights, the place to start is at the other end of town.



If the Congress feels starved for facts, if it is baffled at finding science behind every bureaucratic rock, if it fails to see intrinsic merit in the more arcane nooks of basic science, if it hunts vainly for signs of a broad strategy for science, if it cannot identify priorities for scientific choice, we have ourselves to blame. We are simply not providing the answers. And if we are not providing them because we do not have them, then we need to ask whether we are doing enough to get them. In my judgment, Congress is not anxious to take over the policy initiative for scientific research. It merely takes the quaint view that *somebody* should seize the initiative and do it well and thoroughly.

I have long preached, unsuccessfully, for the issuance once each year of a report from the Executive Office of the President on the substance, organization, costs, goals, problems, and progress of science and technology. I have thought of this as a strategy document similar to the Economic Report. A report such as this ought to tell us in highlight form where we have been in science, where we are now, where we want to go, why, and with what rate of investment. It should deal with the roles of both the private and government sectors of support and performance, and it should be qualitative as well as informational. I would be first to grant that a report like this would not solve the entire problem, but I have the feeling that it could supply in great part the element that is now so conspicuously missing—a *framework* for considering the state of science and technology in the larger economy of our public policy.

I should like to see such a report treated by Congress in much the same manner as the Economic Report is treated, with public hearings and testimony from invited outside parties. My preference would be for joint hearings

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THE TIMELINESS OF WILLIAM D. CAREY'S PROPOSAL for an annual summation of the state of American science by the Executive Office of the President of the United States hardly needs comment. One of the most fanciful politico-scientific circuses ever staged with taxpayers' money is now underway. One hundred and ten cities across the land are bidding competitively for the opportunity to build within their precincts the world's biggest atom-smasher at a cost somewhere in the neighborhood of $300 million. In order to enter the competition, each town had to officially claim to possess—or be prepared to obtain virtually instantaneously—a sufficiently broad and soundly footed sweep of bedrock to hold the gigantic instrument, generous quantities of underground water to cool the operation, and a brilliant galaxy of brains capable of designing experiments which alone will make the installation worthwhile. Sooner or later, the people will have to be told the fantastic truth. What better source for such news than the White House?

by the House and Senate, possibly by a Joint Committee whose functions would be limited to examining the report and conducting the hearings, and which would draw staff support from the science policy division of the Legislative Reference Service. I believe—possibly all by myself—that the very requirement for such a comprehensive annual statement would itself force action from both the Executive and the various committees in both Houses of Congress, that it would serve to point up the right issues and improve accountability to do something about them.

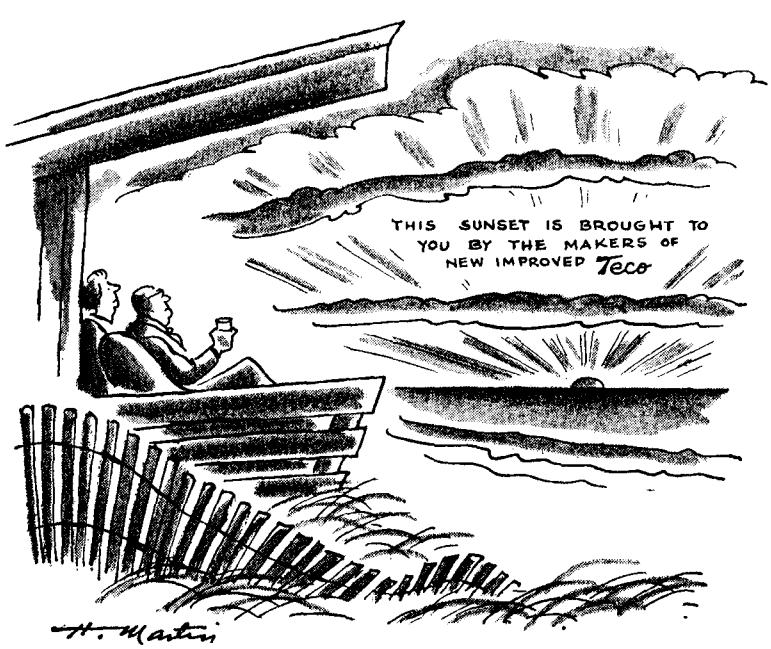
Another innovation that would have a certain merit also begins with the executive branch. It relates to budgeting for research and development. I think it would be entirely practicable if the Budget Bureau were to approach the chairmen of the Appropriations Committees to suggest that each year there be a comprehensive presentation by the Bureau and the Office of Science and Technology on the R&D [research and development] component of the new budget. Such a confrontation should come immediately after the Budget Director and the Secretary of the Treasury have completed their normal annual presentation and defense of the President's Budget. It is my thought that such a briefing and question-and-answer session might go some distance to make the science budget less baffling than it is, and tie together in understandable terms the fragments of R&D which are scattered all through the budget with resulting irritation to the budget subcommittees. The proposal is modest, poaches on no committee preserves, introduces no super-committees, and could be accommodated with no great strain on anybody concerned.

The question which has repeatedly arisen in Congress is "Who, if anybody, is in charge of coordinating R&D?" What Congress wants more than anything else is evidence that the Executive is running a tight ship and knows what it is doing. Congress in its present incarnation is perfectly capable of making up its mind about the moon program, medical research, and the Mohole. But it is less prepared to certify that twelve or fifteen agencies have their meteorology programs in balance, or that feedback from supported research is being put to good use. Congress cannot make sense out of the decision-making procedure of the agencies in deciding how—if at all—research priorities are defined and resources matched up with them. And in this the Congress has company. If we in the Budget Bureau were pressed, we would have to answer in too many cases that we don't know *how* we do it, but we do it all the same.

The present stabilization of the research and development budget gives us a breathing spell which ought not to be wasted. I suspect that before long the expenditure curve will resume its upward movement. Then questions will again be asked. Meantime, we ought to decide what we want to do about grants versus contracts, university cost participation in research, indirect expense allowances, inconsistencies in administrative controls, in-house versus contract research, the future of the national laboratories, and overconcentration of university research. We should also face up to the untouched issues of criteria in scientific choice, and the irrational lack of balance in our support or nonsupport of technological innovation.

THE "hairshirt" function is critical to representative government, and one doesn't find it in the executive arm. What we need, and do not have sufficiently, is some way for issues of science policy and priority to be sharpened and argued—in other words, we need a marketplace where the competition can make itself conspicuous. There is plenty of potential dissent within the scientific community; it deserves an outlet. This is one more reason why I suggest so strongly that Congress should require of the Executive a periodic accounting and an airing of its performance and its expectations, in the full light of constructive criticism.

If we have made mistakes in handling science, they were the price we paid for rapid expansion. Congress and the Executive are probably equally responsible. I think the costs have been well inside the range of acceptability. And we have learned something. We have unleashed a force in society that is here to stay, and that contains an extraordinary creative potential . . . a potential that will not express itself as a unity, but in diversity—as a function of business investment, communications technology, transportation technology, molecular biology. I do not find it illogical that our government machinery should reflect a parallel diversity, mellowed by perspective.



William D. Carey is Executive Assistant Director of the U.S. Budget Bureau. The text above reflects remarks originally made at a Brookings Institution seminar on science, technology, and public policy.

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BIGGER HOSPITALS OR BIGGER PEOPLE?

Musings of a Superintendent

WHAT we call the scientific method is a procedure by which we develop special areas of knowledge. The first step is the collection of raw and perhaps unrelated data. Secondly, this data is classified so that it becomes comprehensible. Finally, laws or formulations are derived which make prediction accurate and management of the future possible.

Hipparchus and Ptolemy described the heavenly bodies according to size, brightness, movement, etc. Copernicus classified them as stars, planets, comets, etc., and in so doing displaced the earth from the center of the universe. Finally, Kepler developed laws and formulas which enabled mankind to predict the future positions of planets and stars.

Compared with mathematics, physics and astronomy, psychiatry is not yet a science and is still in the data collecting stage. Classification of our collected data is rudimentary and we are without formulations to accurately predict or significantly alter the behavior of those with whom we deal. We can embrace psychiatry as a fallow field in which to plow a furrow of new knowledge, or as a primitive, anxiety-provoking pseudo-science best left to the spooks. Certainly psychiatry is a specialty for which there is a great demand and need, but which in the present state of our knowledge has little scientific basis.

Mental illness, psychosis, insanity, "those of unsound mind," lunacy, or craziness are all synonyms for the same condition; but by any name this condition has never been adequately defined, no specific method of treatment has been devised, and there are only speculations as to its cause.

It does not take an expert to classify the active leaders of a community as usually being sane, and the delusional, hallucinating patients in a locked ward as being mentally ill. However, as we approach a midway point along the continuum between these extremes we reach a point of confusion. People can be sane at one time and psychotic at another; one can be a little bit crazy; the sanest person has moments when he is mentally unbalanced and the most chronic psychotic patient goes through periods of lucidity. Mental illness is not like pregnancy (whoever heard of a woman being a little bit pregnant?) and as yet we have no pathognomonic signs, symptoms, or tests to establish its presence or absence.

TREATMENT has always been palliative and symptomatic. Each new method has been greeted with enthusiasm, exploited, hailed as a panacea and relinquished or its usage minimized. During my ten years in psychiatry I have seen insulin therapy, electric shock, lobotomy, and psychoanalysis wax and wane. Drug therapy is in front at present, but indications for its use are being better understood, and the present trend is away from drugs for every patient and toward environmental influence or milieu therapy.

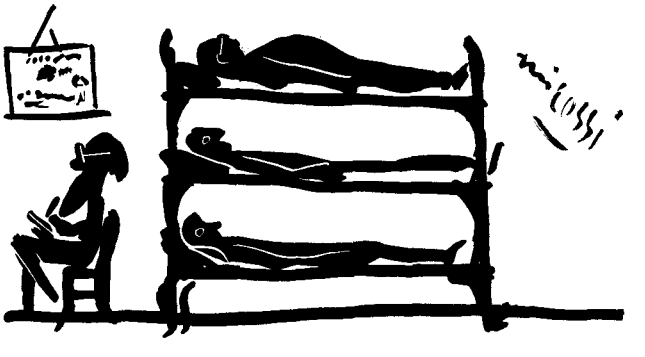
Our failure to recognize and accept the tendency of mental illness to remit spontaneously has kept us engaged in a frantic effort to achieve a specific remedy for an undefined condition, meanwhile, we have neglected to emphasize the benefits of a therapeutic environment which will be conducive to the recovery of the patient. No treatment methods have much success if the patient is not treated as a person.

A recent study of aftercare in five states reported similar favorable end results in spite of the fact that the services employed varied widely and ranged from providing tranquilizers to time-consuming psychoanalytically oriented psychotherapy. I believe that the common denominator was not the treatment of the patients, but the influence of the total situation on the relatives of the patients. If the aftercare clinic and the doctor are satisfied with the progress of the patient, then the family feels more secure and is not so apt to return the patient to the hospital unnecessarily or prematurely.

SCREENING of admissions and readmissions is notable for its absence in our state mental hospitals. The average citizen, most physicians, and some psychiatrists assume without a doubt that our hospitals are filled to the bursting point with "mental patients," and if the hospital staff could or would function efficiently that large numbers of these patients could be "cured" and then "discharged."

I have no such fantasies myself. One-fourth of all patients admitted to our hospital are over sixty-five years of age. Of our patients in residence, one-third are in this group. Even if we assume that a large percentage of these patients had psychopathology when committed, it is evident, upon even casual inspection, that on our wards they present only a picture of senility and a need for reasonable medical and nursing care. One-fifth of our patients are committed as alcoholics and drug addicts. I am convinced that often they are worse off than those who are mentally ill. They do not live as long as the schizophrenic patient, their recovery rate is much lower, their insight is less, they have access to fewer and less effective means of treatment, and they are constantly humiliated and degraded.

In addition to the aged and the alcoholic, the state hospital cares for a miscellaneous group whose classification as being mentally ill is open to considerable question. These patients are not hospitalized for treatment but for custody due to social offenses against the community. Included are the mild or moderate mental defectives, those who won't work, the sexual deviants, the juvenile delinquents, the psychopaths, the hypochondriacs, the rejects of socially



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■

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prominent families, those with permanent brain injuries, the uneducated, the unskilled, and others.

When I recently stated that almost half of our patients did not require psychiatric care one of our consultants admonished me for setting the figure too low. These patients need care, consideration, study, and access to residential treatment centers according to their needs. At present our state hospitals can care for these patients more effectively than any other department of the state. Also, our state hospitals can care for them more economically. What concerns me is the prevalent attitude of calling all of these mental illness.

Recently a mother berated me because our hospital had not "cured" her twenty-year-old son after thirty days of hospitalization. The young man under consideration was an educational failure, not capable of self-support, physically threatening to his family, unable to learn from experience, and without apparent conscience. He came in a package, complete with switchblade knife and braggadocio. For ten years his mother had successfully evaded teachers, social workers, doctors and others who had advised her to seek help for her son. I answered her with a question: "When a child grows up, graduates from school, goes to work, marries and raises a family do we say that the child was cured?" To say that this distorted human being, her son, is grist for the psychiatric mill is debatable. To say that he can be influenced by somatic therapeutic methods is naive. To say that he represents an unsolved problem is obvious.

IF the development of a hospital environment which is conducive to the recovery of our patients is one of our most important goals, we should have some plan or method to help us attain this desirable end. I propose that instead of descending the scientific ladder to a more basic specialty than psychiatry, which is customary, that we go upwards. Instead of utilizing older disciplines such as history, jurisprudence, finance, or architecture I suggest that we look to one of our more recent branches of knowledge—administration.

Administration is concerned with analysis, attitude, authority, behavior, charism, communication, compliance, control, creativity, decision, effectiveness, efficiency, innovation, interview, leadership, management, merit, morale, motivation, organization, personality, plan, policy, problem, publicity, punishment, reward, solution, strategy, symbolism, technology, and many more topics. Administration has borrowed heavily from psychiatry, psychology, sociology, anthropology, mathematics, and other specialities lower down the ladder, and in so doing is developing a new and different approach to problems not only old but also new. Anyone with experience in supervision will appreciate that personnel can present more difficult problems than patients and that the same solutions do not always work with both. It is granted that basically we are dealing with interpersonal relations and that such problems are common to patients, personnel, relatives, and members of the community. If science is knowledge and art is the application of knowledge, then administration is an art which has been utilized to influence the behavior of most non-patients, and psychiatry is an art which has been utilized to influence the behavior of those who are patients. In a total institution like a state hospital we are not dealing with the classical, one-to-one, patient-doctor relationship, but with a much more complex situation involving personnel, relatives, and the community as well. Psychiatry and administration cannot afford the luxury of standing alone but must join together.

IT has been said that a poorly run hospital promotes mental illness and the current trend to small mental hospitals is based, in part at least, upon the belief that large hospitals are therapeutically unmanageable. I am sure that small organizations are simpler to administer and manage than large ones, but it is preferable to be a patient in a well-run large hospital than in a poorly run small one, and I am not convinced that large hospitals cannot be administered along therapeutic lines. It is even possible that there might be some fringe benefits in largeness itself. If the hospital is a laboratory in living where the patient learns to adjust to the community by learning how to adjust to the routine of life in the hospital then hospital life should be as much like community life as possible. Most patients come from communities which are larger than hospitals, and it is not entirely unrealistic to assume that adjustment to a large hospital might better prepare a patient for community living than adjustment to a small one. By expanding or restricting our facilities from room seclusion to closed wards, open wards, industrial therapy, town passes, visits home, etc., we have a flexible, therapeutic modality which can be adjusted to the needs of the individual patient. Perhaps what is wrong with large hospitals is not size but the attitude of the people who operate them.

—HOWARD H. ASHBURY, M.D.

Dr. Howard H. Ashbury has been superintendent of Eastern State Hospital at Williamsburg, Virginia, since 1961. The views expressed above are from a longer exposition published in the *Virginia Medical Monthly*.

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

Fluoride and Cancer (Cont'd.)

DR. ALFRED TAYLOR'S otherwise impressive anti-fluoridation argument [*SR* Oct. 2] is sadly weakened by some of his words: " . . . very low levels of sodium fluoride accelerate the growth of cancer tissue. . . . not only sodium fluoride but the related compound, sodium bromide, also has this effect. In chemistry, there are certain elements known as halogens, and fluorine and bromine belong to this group. . . ."

The tone of the last sentence suggests that these "certain elements known as halogens" are sinister villains, prepared to strike us all with cancer and what not. Yet, if we apply Taylor's description of sodium bromide as a compound "related" to sodium fluoride as we glance at the Periodic Table of the Elements (in any high school chemistry text), we cannot help concluding that sodium chloride is even more closely related to sodium fluoride and sodium bromide than either of the latter two is to the other. It would follow, then, that sodium chloride is a toxic substance. One might even cite supporting evidence by pointing out that people who drink sea water invariably die as a result.

Those in favor of fluoridation have tended to disparage the scientific qualifications of their opponents. Such statements as those of Dr. Taylor do not help the situation.

SYDNEY ABBEY.

Ottawa, Ontario

THE CONCLUSIONS of Dr. Alfred Taylor of the University of Texas regarding cancer possibilities resulting from fluoridated drinking water can have a very disturbing influence upon new users, as in New York City, which has just converted.

Among the 50,000,000 or more people who have used these waters, there are approximately 10,000,000 who have inhabited certain areas for many generations, where the water supplies have always naturally contained not one but several parts per million of this chemical. In addition the city of Newburgh on the Hudson has treated its drinking water for over twenty years.

If Doctor Taylor's conclusions have any strong basis for future fears of a dangerous nature, would not cancer figures in these areas have developed years ago, numerically beyond those in fluorine free locations?

The government early in the Second World War surveyed these localities for general health conditions, because of their proximity to draft encampments. Have you any knowledge of competent organizations or individuals such as Doctor Taylor who, in view of the fluoride disturbance, have made a similar investigation?

A comprehensive survey of this type certainly seems to be in order. The validity of the results should be conclusive, and will perhaps abate the fears of many who anticipate immediate dangers from its use.

HENRY GOLLOMB,
Formerly Chief Chemist (Retired),
Office of the Borough President
of Manhattan.

New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *When the question of subtle side effects of fluoride in populations drinking fluoridated water was raised at Congressional hearings on the question more than a decade ago, officials of the U.S. Public Health Service publicly promised that tests of such effects would run concurrently with tests of effects on tooth decay in designated cities like Newburgh. However, these tests have never been instituted anywhere in a single comprehensive, thoroughly integrated experiment. Bits have been done here, and pieces there, but the whole complex of questions has not been examined in toto in one spot, where the relationship among various effects would be indisputable.*

Governing Medicine

I AM DISTURBED by the article "Who Should Govern Medicine?" [*SR*, June 5].

John Lear describes the nightmare of errors inflicted upon one patient in a hospital. This is commonplace in many institutions and results from the increasing and overwhelming demands for new clinical procedures and tests, inadequate administration and organization, absence of continuing training and evaluation, and the imposition of burdensome accounting, control, and record requirements. While physicians and patients may demand the new procedures, the hospitals cannot yet organize effectively to provide them. In urban hospitals, the entire institution frequently must operate at the pace and intellectual capacity of a slow-witted orderly. Several ineffective humans at the bottom rung can thoroughly foul up an operating room schedule involving dozens of physicians and nurses and patients, a carefully ordered patient plan for diagnosis and care, meals, communications, and any other hospital activity. The techniques of *systems* analysis and operations analysis employed by the armed services and industry are seldom applied in the organization of medical care.

Staffing a medical school with teachers is more difficult than paying for it today. The dropout rate for medical students who cannot or will not stay in medical school is already too high. Selectivity needs to be improved as well as the number of students increased.

There is already a strong, mutual antagonism between practicing physicians and the medical academic community which is based in part on misunderstanding of each other's motives and in part upon real and substantial differences in defining, administering and controlling the role and actions of physicians. This is a strong conflict which deserves emphasis in any serious appraisal of the current direction of medicine.

Medicine, like any other human endeavor, is limited by the quality of its human resources. Physicians cannot function properly with secretaries who cannot spell, telephone-answering services which either do not answer or do not communicate messages accurately, nurses inadequate in number or quality, laboratory technicians who do not wish to work after five o'clock, technical equipment designed to be sold and breakdown after limited use, hospitals designed by architects who haven't the foggiest notion of organization of space and function

"I wouldn't say it was a total failure."

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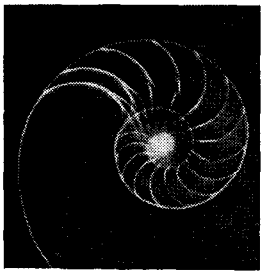

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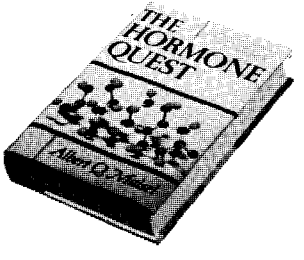

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and, finally, science editors who are not accurate or realistic.

J. J. NOBEL, M.D.,
Resident in Surgery.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Loose Women

PERHAPS IT is to be expected that an article on loose women ["Streetwalking," by Vern L. Bullough, *SR*, Sept. 4] would reflect some pretty loose thinking, which, of course, would show up in some pretty loose writing.

Mr. Bullough, with all his credentials, is guilty of a grossly unscientific, irrelevant, and dastardly deed, which even from the most uneducated and biased person could hardly be overlooked. In speaking of migrant prostitutes, he says:

"George Kneeland made a similiar study in New York City, in 1912, this time of 2,363 prostitutes. Russia, the home of a large number of Jewish migrants, was then the country of derivation of the largest number of immigrant prostitutes."

Now just what does the irrelevant comment, "the home of a large number of Jewish migrants," mean? If the prostitutes from Russia were largely Jewish, why doesn't he say so? If there were other subgroups from Russia who were involved in this comment, why not mention them, or not attempt any breakdown?

Let the author either have the courage to state the facts, or let him have the good sense and scientific judgment not to leave such loose statements lying around.

As one who is himself involved in social and behavorial science, I find it inexcusable that such uncritical thinking should find its way into an article which purports to be scientific, and to have been first printed in the *Journal of the History of the Behaviorial Sciences*. How loose can one be?

RAPHAEL D. ATLAS.

Houston, Tex.

SOMETIMES *things which are clear to an* author are not always clear to a reader. I hope I was not guilty of false logic. Between 1870 and 1914 there were an estimated million and half Russian Jews who came to the United States to escape the pogroms which were then going on. The majority of these emigrants came in the early years of the twentieth century and most of them first settled in New York City. Many of these emigrés arrived in New York with little more than the clothes on their backs, unable to speak English. This was the basis for the correlation I made between the Jewish migrants and the birthplace of the prostitutes as listed by Kneeland. There were other Russian emigrants to the United States, but the overwhelming majority of these went into the coal-mining and steel-working areas of Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and the Midwest. Very few settled in New York City.

The point to be made is not that one religious group is more prone to prostitution than another (which is not true in this case) but quite simply that those most alienated from a society and hence the most disenfranchised are the most likely to turn to prostitution.

VERN L. BULLOUGH.

Reseda, Calif.

Electric Motoring

I'M AFRAID that your slightly pessimistic view of electric automotive propulsion for the near future [Postscript, *SR*, July 3] depended too greatly on an uncritical look at Mr. W. T. Reid's article, "Energy Sources for Electrically Powered Automobiles," *Batelle Technical Review*, April 1965. Your statement that, to propel an automobile, the "batteries . . . would weigh as much as the remainder of the car and perhaps twice that weight," is derived from Mr. Reid's analysis of a Volkswagen-sized car, designed for 150 miles at continuous forty-miles-per-hour operation, and powered by about thirty Sears, Roebuck automobile batteries—certainly not the most economically engineered alternative. Mr. Reid's analysis is based on presently *available* batteries. I believe that an analysis based on presently *manufacturable* batteries would demonstrate that electrically powered autos, buses, and trucks (for intra-urban use, at least) are feasible now.

For instance, even using Mr. Reid's figures, it is interesting to note that the same car, designed for 100 miles of thirty-miles-per-hour operation (surely generous for intra-city use—a taxi, for example), with regenerative braking, and powered by a storage battery designed for the purpose (using present technology) is perfectly feasible. Such a battery might weigh about 400 pounds, cost about $450, and take up about three cubic feet of space. Operating cost would be in the neighborhood of two and a quarter cents per mile—quite competitive with combustion engines considering the costs of gas, oil, and maintenance.

The fuel cell, which Mr. Reid advocates, is almost certainly the ultimate answer to electric automotive propulsion. However, the importance of immediately providing nonpolluting (and quiet) automotive engines for intra-city use cannot be overstressed. And the state of the art in storage battery design is well capable of coping with the bulk of today's urban low-speed, low-mileage transportation requirements.

Cities can make the choice now, if they wish, to power much of their municipal, or municipally franchised, vehicular traffic electrically. Buses especially, which contribute a good-sized percentage of automotive pollutants in a city such as New York, could be powered by batteries and still perform effectively within their already limited operational requirements. Years of experience with trolleys, trolley-buses, and battery-driven delivery trucks—once common on most city streets—have demonstrated the low maintenance costs and high reliability of electric vehicles.

Many years ago, combustion-powered locomotives were banned from many city limits and replaced by electric engines. Eventually, a similar type of move will have to be made in all surface transportation. Anti-smog devices and improved combustion engines (such as gas turbines) seem to be only stopgap measures. The use of battery-powered municipal vehicles can help reduce urban air pollution now and, at the same time, point the way for future fuel-cell and higher-performance battery research.

MAXWELL EDWARD SIEGEL.

New York, N.Y.

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Niebuhr

Continued from page 24

conventional from the vocational standpoint, while my convictions were critical in confronting liberalism, secular or religious.

My vocations were determined by my inheritance. This included the tradition of home and family, as well as the liberal Protestantism both of my father and of those teachers who influenced me at Eden Seminary and at Yale Divinity School. This inheritance gave me an understanding of religious faith as trust in the meaning of human existence. At home, the emphasis expressed in family worship and in instruction was on gratitude for the blessings of life. This interpretation remained with me and was deepened through the give-and-take with colleagues and friends, particularly through endless dialogues with my late brother, H. Richard Niebuhr, and at home with my wife, herself a scholar and a teacher of the history of religions.

Religious faith interpreted as basic trust in the meaning of human existence would explain why religion has survived —despite obvious weaknesses—even in a secular age.

Trust in the meaning of human existence is, in short, uniquely a human extension of the natural impulse of survival. It is not rational in the sense that a scientific or philosophic explanation might be. Yet such explanations of natural and historical coherences would not satisfy the anxious individual, confronting the many incoherences and ills in his own life. Therefore it is impossible to construct religious faith "within the limits of pure reason" (Kant), for "religion is not transcendently true, but is transcendently important" (Whitehead).

The studies of Erik Erikson, from *Childhood and Society* on, have proved of inestimable value for those of us who interpreted faith as basic trust. His work has given clinical evidence for the importance of basic trust as rooted in the securities of the child's family and home. At the same time, significant clues are given for the reasons and occasions of the corruptions of religion.

The basic trust of the person of faith may be childlike in its single-heartedness, yet this basic trust can be changed into a childish belief that God is on the side of the believer, and that this faith, which is belief rather than trust, merits the reward of special favor.

I was shown the difference between faith as basic trust, and faith as possessing vested rights, in the very beginning of my Detroit ministry. Two old ladies, whose characters I had not known, but who were, by conventional standards, equally devout, faced certain death. The one old lady asked me to read her psalms of praise and gratitude. She was particularly grateful for the love of two splendid daughters, whom she had put through nursing school since her husband's illness made her both homemaker and breadwinner for the family. The other old lady was in a fever of anxiety and resentment. She recounted all her virtues with the implication that it was unjust for a righteous woman to suffer her pains. I learned from the one that gratitude is the natural response of a life lived in faith as trust in the goodness of life. I learned from the other that faith is frequently corrupted by childish peevishness about the lack of special favors for the righteous.

The tendency to claim God as an ally for our partisan values and ends is another childish, but also universal, corruption of religion. This is the source of all religious fanaticism. Abraham Lincoln, in his eloquent Second Inaugural, took pains to disavow this corruption as revealed in the American Civil War. He said: "Both sides read the same Bible, and prayed to the same God; and each invoked his aid against the other. . . . The prayers of both could not be answered. The prayers of neither were answered just as they intended."

This fallacy is part of a special problem that has to be faced by all religions that seek to comprehend history in the realm of meaning. Impatience with such faiths has prompted some to turn to mysticism, to neo-Platonism in its many forms, or to Buddhism. But the price of such alternatives is high. Mysticism projects an undifferentiated eternity that

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swallows up time and history. It therefore reduces all historic responsibilities to insignificance, and denies any meaning to this life.

The biblical faiths, Hebrew and Christian, tried to express their faith in an ultimate triumph over all evils of history by their messianic hopes. According to the Hebrew prophets, "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid." Thus there would be an ideal messianic age in which a transformed nature would guarantee the fulfilment of all historic hopes. But a naturalistic culture found this hope incredible and substituted instead a utopia, a heaven on earth, with nature untransformed. But this utopian hope proved as dangerous as the older hope was incredible, as the despotism of Stalin has shown.

There is in Judaism and Christianity, because of their historic particularity, this tendency to limit the universality of God in their own favor. Yet also there is criticism and correction ("Thou art our Father, though Abraham does not know us and Israel does not acknowledge us"), and in the New Testament parable the goats will sit down in the Kingdom of God, rather than the sheep, who are the flock of obvious elect ones.

The ironic twist given in this parable illustrates the peculiar genius of the Bible. The ultimate and transcendant character of God challenges man's own

conception of piety and goodness: "My thoughts are not your thoughts," etc. The faith of Israel gave the world this vision of a God transcendent over historic process, who also is intimately related to history and to man, and is "as a father who pitieth his children." As transcendence and historic relatedness were bound together in the drama of God and Israel, and of God and man, so also were love and justice held together in the schema of the Law. Jesus reiterated this faith of Israel, for it was "the first and great commandment"... to "love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul and with all your mind and with all your strength." The ultimate transcendence was beyond man's exact understanding, for "no man can see God and live," and the glory of God cannot be measured or its mystery plumbed, yet the character of God was made known in "his ways" which were the fulfilments of the Law. Thus transcendent mystery and transcendent love were to be made plain in the historical measures of justice, in the proportionate interchanges of responsibility and concern between man and man; "the second [commandment] is this, you shall love your neighbor as yourself."

The New Testament reiterates this theme in story, parable, and saying with simplicity and immediacy. To his followers, the words and the ministry of Jesus so expressed the message of love (mercy) and justice (righteousness) that he became exemplar and example of "the ways of God."

For nearly forty years I preached almost every Sunday in various parts of this country. This experience taught me much. "Making sense" out of the symbols and professions of faith has always been the responsibility of preacher and of teacher. Since we must use symbols to define the reaches of the human spirit beyond definable knowledge, we must realize that these symbols are tangents toward the ultimate, and therefore fruits of the human imagination. These symbols create a penumbra of mystery around every realm of meaning within the bounds of verifiable knowledge.

The penumbra of mystery is able to enrich the realm of meaning, provided we are modest enough to distinguish the mystery of the unknowable from the tentative mystery of the unknown, which is constantly subject to diminution by advancing knowledge. Such modesty might well be prompted by the suspicion that no neat system of coherence is able to comprehend the beauty and terror of life.

Ralph Jones' Pain

By Bink Noll

IS private science, one way to know.
Pain shapes him so he's named for it
as a giant is for size. We call him Pain,
his body the figure of that craft.

It has raged twenty-seven years,
enlarged
kink and joint in the man's likeness,
not sleeping. Nor has broad-eyed he
whose stare has left him half deaf.

He's a scholar of wrong who submits
the months of his bones to learn why pain
without mind drives its might through
his nerves.
His sick sighs stand for shouted wrath.

What knowledge of physicians
Ralph Jones has—
those artists dreaming their white
dream—
and of us: he learns how he's worn out
each charity we could improvise.

He tolerates us comfortable men
as a teacher does meanness in boys
or a prophet his people's abandonment
or a cousin's face, full of ignorance.

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(Continued on page 66)

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(Continued from page 65)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1648

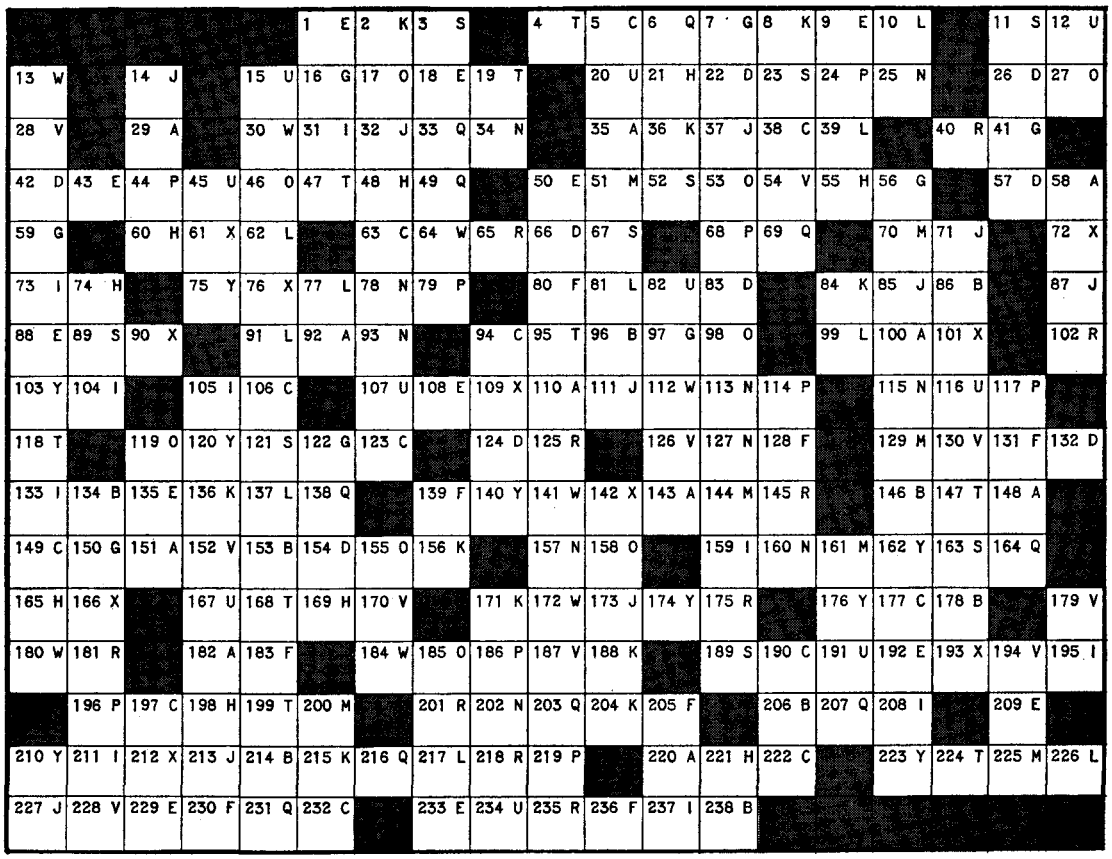
Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. First and second of Tishri in the Jewish calendar (2 wds.)	143 100 151 58 92 35 148 110 220 182 29
B. Quail (2 wds.)	214 178 86 134 96 206 146 238 153
C. See WORD F (4 wds.)	177 5 197 38 190 123 106 222 63 94 149 232
D. Protagonist of Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake.*	66 26 132 57 124 42 83 154 22
E. Poured out in liquid form, as lava from a volcano, blood from vein, artery, etc.	192 108 135 43 209 50 229 233 88 1 9 18
F. Following *Neither a,* and followed by WORD C, sound advice from Polonius to Laertes (*Hamlet*).	230 131 205 236 183 80 128 139
G. Though acknowledging the priority of fingers, what the modern diner prefers to do (2 wds.)	150 7 16 41 59 122 97 56
H. Titular heroine of famous Sanskrit drama.	74 21 169 198 221 165 60 55 48
I. Specifying the year of 13 lunar months, or 384 days.	31 104 133 211 195 73 159 208 105 237
J. Capital of Malagasy Republic.	87 111 85 14 173 32 37 227 213 71
K. Weariness or annoyance from the importunate and burdensome.	2 136 36 84 156 188 171 204 215 8
L. Impudent transgression of the bounds of decorum.	62 99 226 10 81 137 91 217 77 39
M. Beings never definitely personified but recognized as exerting power over the lives and fortunes of men.	70 51 129 161 225 144 200
N. Figure regarded as a good price for a ten-dollar item by the bargaining shopper, but merely as ten minutes of nine by the commuter (2 wds.)	93 160 113 127 78 202 157 115 25 34
O. Followers of the Old Man of the Mountain (11th cent.)	185 155 158 17 119 98 46 27 53
P. Readiness and grace in physical activity; skill and ease in using the hands, etc.	196 24 186 68 114 117 44 219 79
Q. Raise something as one whole mass (2 wds.)	49 207 203 138 6 69 33 216 231 164
R. Early crop of certain Chinese green tea (2 wds.)	175 40 235 218 65 102 181 145 201 125
S. Elasmobranchic.	52 11 121 67 89 163 189 23 3
T. Existing only in fancy.	95 4 118 199 147 47 168 224 19
U. Range of hills in SE Scotland, familiar in literature and opera.	191 12 45 20 107 15 167 116 234 82
V. Discoursed copiously on a subject.	170 130 179 194 228 152 54 126 187 28
W. Swimmers.	112 180 184 64 141 172 30 13
X. What a surgeon was called in the 18th century.	109 72 76 61 142 101 193 90 166 212
Y. Depending upon atmospheric conditions.	174 162 140 75 176 223 120 103 210

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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Double's Trouble

The Man Who Looked Like the Prince of Wales, *by Frederick Manfred (Trident. 178 pp. $3.95), set in northwest Iowa, concerns a chronic failure among the Frisians. John R. Milton is director of Creative Writing at the University of South Dakota in Vermillion.*

By JOHN R. MILTON

IDEALLY, the short novel combines some of the punch of the short story with some of the space advantages of the long novel. As a form, it permits the writer to go part way in each direction, giving him a kind of freedom that is useful, yet setting a few restrictions which provide him with a necessary discipline.

Frederick Manfred is a big and vital man with twelve novels behind him, most of them good-sized. His four semi-historical novels have been set in Minnesota, South Dakota, Nebraska, and Wyoming. The others are largely focused upon a rather small area in northwest Iowa, which has become for Manfred the center of his Siouxland. Here he was born into a family of Frisian giants, and here he has found the man who looked like the Prince of Wales. The resemblance seems to be a good enough device, but it turns out to be neither pointed enough for a short story nor important enough for a novel. The question, then, is whether the novella is precisely the right form.

Garrett Engleking is a strong and golden-haired young man who seems to have the potential for success. Yet he fails in the hardware business, presumably because he allows too much credit-buying, then becomes an excellent farm-hand working for someone else. Strongly attracted to the girls in his small town, he lures June Memling out to his favorite spot in the country. About a year later she and her baby are both dead from gangrene, contracted at childbirth. Although Garrett is impressed by the dim view his church takes of this incident, he soon has another girl in trouble, and the couple is forced to make a rather lengthy and somewhat comic appearance before the elders of the church. The baby dies at birth, but Garrett and Laura marry anyway.

Manfred told the story of a chronic failure in his comic novel of 1948, *The Chokecherry Tree.* However, *The Man Who Looked Like the Prince of Wales* is primarily old material touched up with a few recent observations. Garrett's resemblance to the Prince of Wales is tenuous, almost like a huge joke wrapped around by anecdotes from rural life. Ultimately, the joke is not large enough to carry the novel, while the tone is so ambiguous we are never certain of the author's intentions. The treatment is cursory, and the plot flimsy, but small hints of the tragic and the poetic seem to indicate an attempt to do more than the novel is able to convey.

The Man Who Looked Like the Prince of Wales is really a short story expanded through details and brief incidents, which often seem irrelevant. Irrelevant to what? Manfred has never been a subtle novelist; he has always said exactly what he intended to say. We can only assume that his short novel is less a labor of love than it is an exercise preparatory to a return to twentieth-century Siouxland from the Western history that has been his subject during the past decade. In this case, at least, we need not become too anxious about the proper reading of Garrett's repeated remark, "Darling June Memling, she died of the green gangrene."

The sights, sounds, and smells of Siouxland are perhaps the chief virtue of this small novel. Manfred has always had a sensitive touch with the land itself. Curiously, for his rhythmic and poetic style he seems to need the strength of massiveness which his earlier novels provided.

Wicked Wanderer

The Heresiarch and Co., *by Guillaume Apollinaire, translated from the French by Rémy Inglis Hall (Doubleday. 183 pp. $3.95), collects irreverent short stories by the eccentric author of "Alcools." Gay Wilson Allen, critic and biographer, teaches at New York University.*

By GAY WILSON ALLEN

THE REPUTATION of Guillaume Apollinaire continues to grow, though he is still best known for such madcap pranks as stealing Iberian statuettes (and possibly the *Mona Lisa*) from the Louvre, for which he was imprisoned in 1911. In literature he is known primarily for his poems, especially *Alcools,* and for his critical and esthetic studies *Les Peintres Cubistes* and *Méditations Esthétique.*

But his first literary recognition in France was won with a collection of stories (or "phantasies") called *L'Hérésiarque et Cie,* published between 1900 and 1909 in the *Revue blanche* and other magazines, and collected in 1910. They have now for the first time been translated into English, in a version that

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does not destroy the subtlety and exotic quality of the original. I have read nothing as wickedly clever since Anatole France, but this comparison conveys none of the earthy originality or witty impudence of Apollinaire. There is not even an appropriate term for these pieces of short fiction, which combine simultaneously the characteristics of the fable, legend, allegory, informal essay, and science fiction. Some are hardly more than sketches, but the longer pieces have considerable artistry and depth.

The first three stories are the best. "The Wandering Jew" not only retells the composite legend, but contains original satirical additions. This legendary person, condemned by Jesus to walk the earth without sleeping or sitting down until the second coming, proving to mankind "the reality of the redeeming and divine drama," has actually had an enjoyable time watching the spectacle of Humanity for nineteen hundred years. He has no remorse: "Keep peace in your soul, and be wicked. The pious will be grateful to you. As for Christ! I have deceived him! It was he who placed me above humanity!"

"The Heresiarch" is a heretical reinterpretation of the Crucifixion and the Trinity, but "the heresiarch was like all men, for all of us are at the same time sinners and saints, when we are not criminals and martyrs." Those who know something of Apollinaire's life (though it is more complicated than any of his stories) may also find an autobiographical element in this conclusion: these same elements warred within him.

Some of the stories grouped under the "adventures of Baron d'Ormesan" contain obscurities that only biography can illuminate. A reviewer of *L'Hérésiarque et Cie* in *Le Figaro* declared that the book resembled Apollinaire "as a son does his father." The crimes of the Baron were, at least to some extent, only the vicarious offenses of the author, and they were undoubtedly related to his illegitimacy. Indeed, the picaresque Baron may have been partly based on his father—assuming that Apollinaire knew his identity—, but he was also in part another person, whose violence actually terrified the author.

For anyone who is not acquainted with the writings of Apollinaire, *The Heresiarch and Co.* is a better introduction than his poetry. It ought to become a classic in this English version.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Lear. 2. Faust. 3. De Lawd. 4. Medea. 5. Macbeth. 6. Hedda Gabler. 7. Oedipus. 8. Cyrano. 9. Hamlet. 10. Willy Loman. 11. Falstaff. 12. Henry Higgins. 13. Tartuffe. 14. Antigone. 15. Shylock.

On the Fringe

Continued from page 31

selections from favorite writers—dovetail to create a picture of her life in and out of the theater. "When Lewis Funke came to me with the idea for an anthology, I first thought it was pompous. I was repelled. Then we got the idea of the peculiar form the book is now in. Lewis flew down to Mexico, where I was, with a tape recorder. He's a wonderful interviewer. His questions don't close the mind. They sparked me off. I talked for two hours a day.

"There are two parts I wrote myself. The introduction and the chapter 'Charlie' about my husband Charles MacArthur. I could never be satisfied—I'm too finicky—with someone else's writing about Charlie."

Discussing the wide selection of literature sampled in *A Gift of Joy* led Miss Hayes to talk about her own introduction to literature. "I was working in the theater at the age of five so I had no young friends or the opportunity to have them. But, fortunately, I was firmly schooled by people determined to develop me. John Drew started me on French literature and Kipling's *Jungle Books*. I read Mark Twain because William Gillette was hepped on him. Booth Tarkington introduced me to the works of all of his contemporaries. I was always a big authority on someone, depending on my friend of the moment.

"You know, I had a heck of a time leading my children into reading. I tricked them. I remember Mary reading a whole string of Nancy Drew books. Well, I started reading *Jane Eyre* to her. When I came to one of the most exciting scenes with the mad Mrs. Rochester I gave a big yawn and closed the book for the night. Mary shut herself in her room and finished the book by herself.

"I started Jim when he was six or seven. I remember he had lost his front teeth. I think the book was Hardy's *Under the Greenwood Tree*. I said something about Hercules and the labyrinth, and Jim immediately stopped me. 'That wathn't Herculeeth,' he hissed through his gaps. 'That wath Theeth-e-uth!'

"Those are the things I remember. I have two friends in the theater who have kept diaries all their lives. The dears are so bogged down in their materials I don't think they'll ever finish their autobiographies. I have never kept a diary. I have no eye for history—just memories." —HASKEL FRANKEL.

Mann

Continued from page 40

implications offered in Mann's own "Third Humanism."

Complimenting Mann for his emergent democratic vistas in *The Magic Mountain*, Lukács shows that the novelist made more significant progress in *Mario and the Magician* (1929), which is palpably "a frontal attack upon Fascist demagogy." Mann's essays and political addresses of the Thirties, notably his *Appeal to Reason*, are clearly anti-Fascist, but it is definitively in *Lotte in Weimar* (1939) that Mann tries to replace the German antirational, nationalistic, reactionary tradition (Goethe – Schopenhauer – Wagner – Nietzsche) with a rationalistic, progressive, European tradition (Lessing—Goethe—Hölderlin—Büchner—Heine—Marx). Mann felt, of course, that "an understanding between Greece and Moscow" would be needed before a regeneration of German life and culture could take place, that Germany would find herself only when "Karl Marx shall have read Friedrich Hölderlin." Such an apocalyptic "reading," despite Mann's or Lukács's wishes in the matter, is not now likely to happen. A divided Germany, much passionate irredentism among West Germans, and the failure of many German intellectuals to effect or even support social and political progress are several realities which, mingled with numerous others, strongly argue against it.

Lukács, making his major points in "In Search of Bourgeois Man," elaborates upon them in his remaining essays. "The Tragedy of Modern Art," which deals with *Doctor Faustus* (1947) in terms of Mann's position vis-à-vis middle-class culture and art, presents the personal tragedy of Adrian Leverkühn (the modern Faustus) as the tragedy of music, art, and culture in an age of imperialism. And this becomes not only the tragedy of Germany, but that of "the whole bourgeois humanity today." With respect to Mann's *Joseph* stories (1934-44) and *Felix Krull* (1954), Lukács offers us the amusing hypothesis that "in the world of the dying bourgeoisie only the confidence man can fulfill himself in pleasure." But in his relentless application of dialectical materialism to Thomas Mann's works, Lukács frequently chooses to ignore the psychological, symbolical, and mythical elements with which these works abound. He often seems to miss Mann's irony and would certainly not subscribe to the sound theory that Mann is essentially a great comic artist—to repeat Erich Heller's phrase, "the ironic German." When, however, principles of the class struggle are relevant to a reading of Mann, which is not always the case, Lukács is brilliant and convincing.

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We thought we knew it all. Then we discovered Machu Picchu.

We had combed palaces of Persian kings. We had walked through tombs and temples and spired castles. We were ready for something new in lost kingdoms.

Then, one night last January, a couple of archeologists spun us a tale of a mountaintop city built by the Incas 500 years before the Conquistadores.

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A majestic city walled in by kings, Machu Picchu bears no sign of strife. With a little imagination, you can stand at the perimeter of the city and conjure up images of sharp-eyed Inca warriors peering down at the Conquistadores scurrying below for gold, never dreaming the prize of Machu Picchu lay high above them.

Machu Picchu was never captured, never plundered, yet some time between the days of the Conquistadores and our own, everyone in the city disappeared. Where they went and why is a mystery that haunts you all through the ruins.

For us, this is the most spectacular sight in all the Western Hemisphere. And, if there are any challengers to that statement, they're in South America, too.

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